No. 546

Commando

WAR STORIES IN PICTURES

5p

AUS. 15c NZ

MUSTANG ACE

KNOW YOUR CLUB

ABERDEEN

Founded: 1903.

Nickname: The Dons.

Colours: Red shirts and red shorts.

Ground: Pittodrie Park, Aberdeen.

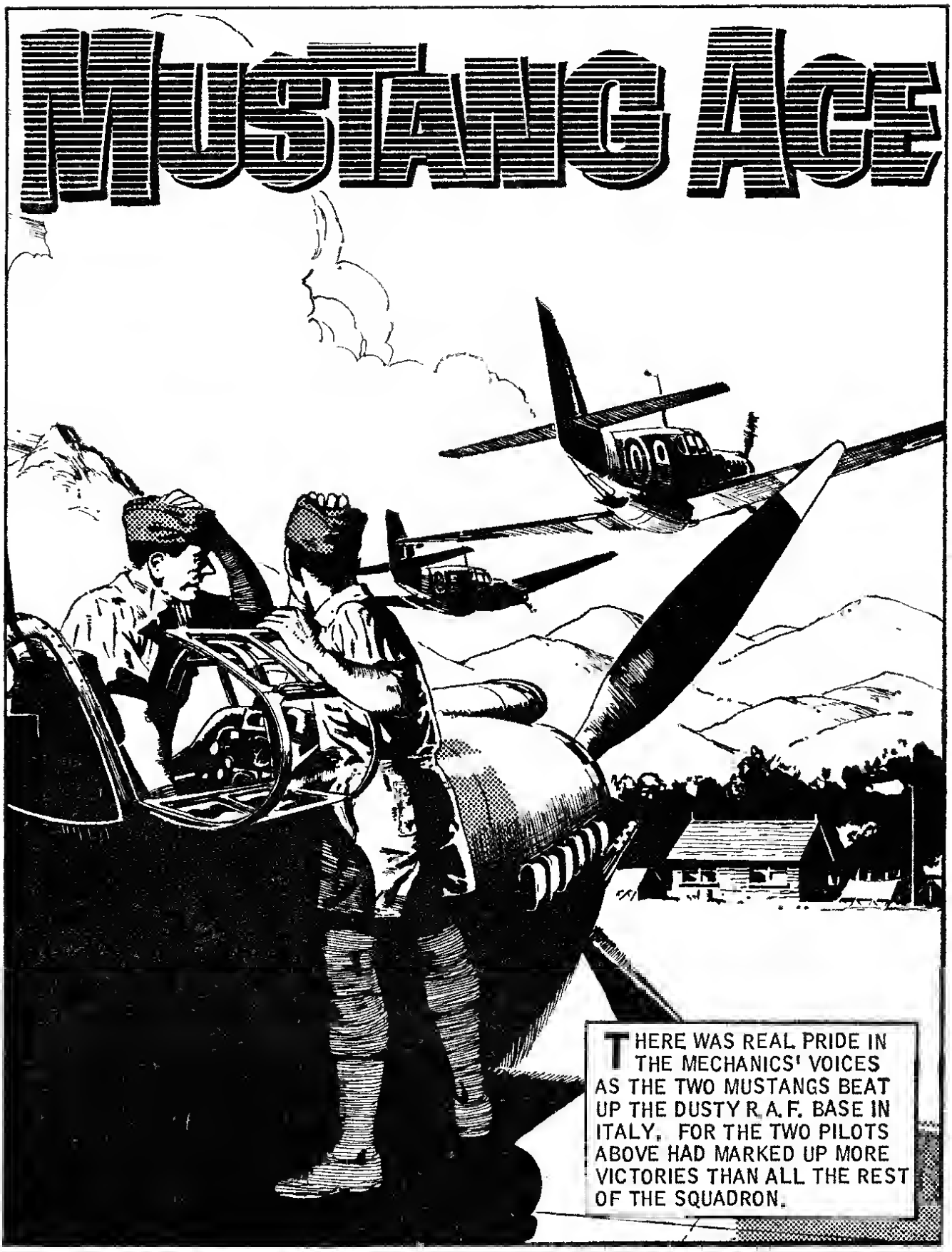
Record Crowd: 43,390 v Hearts (Scottish Cup), March 13, 1954.

Record Victory: 13-0 v Peterhead (Scottish Cup), February 9, 1923.

Honours: First Division Champions once; Scottish Cup winners twice; Scottish League Cup winners twice.

Player Shown: Derek McKay, the exciting young winger who scored two goals in the 1969-70 Scottish Cup final to win the Cup for Aberdeen.

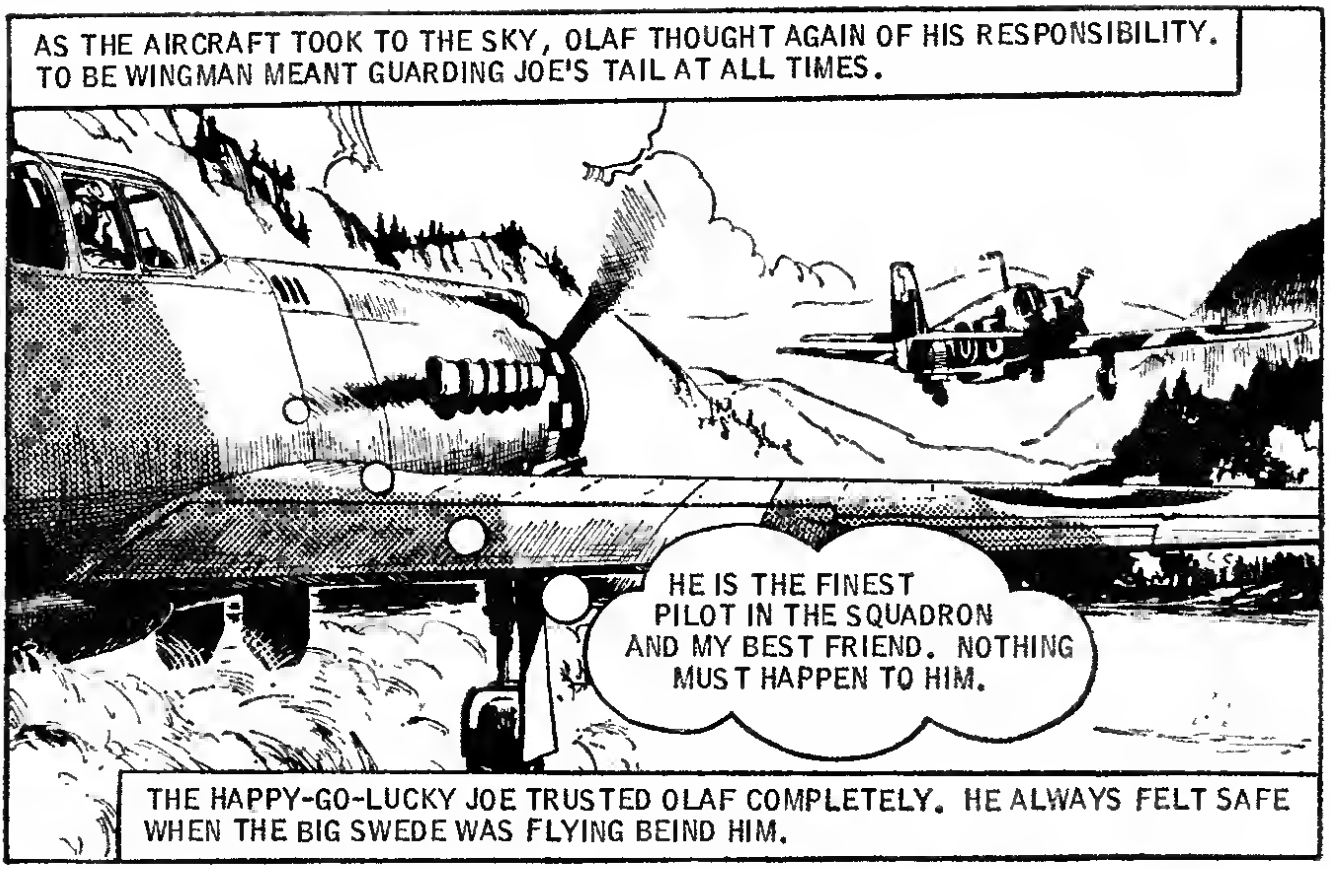
MUSTANG ACE

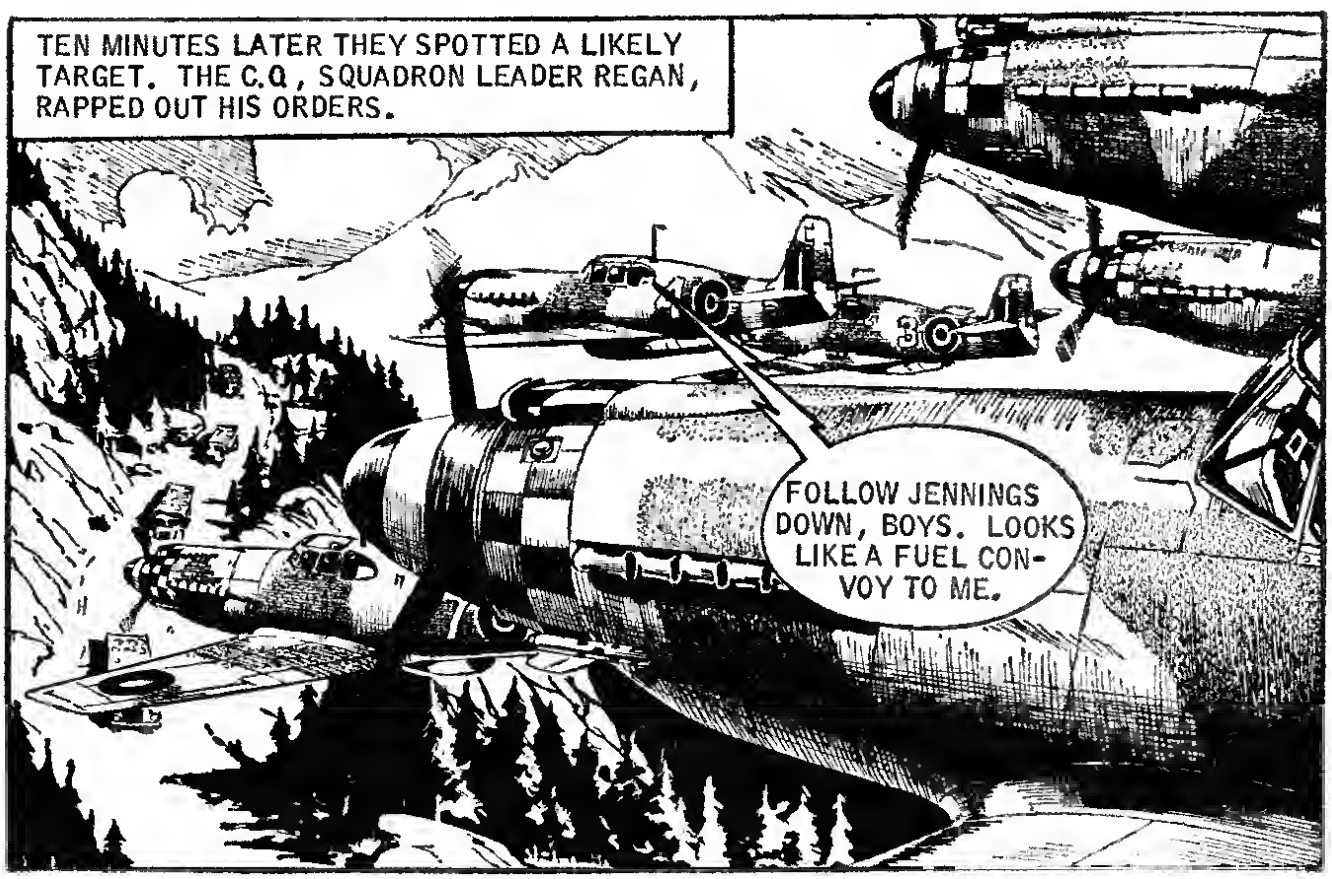


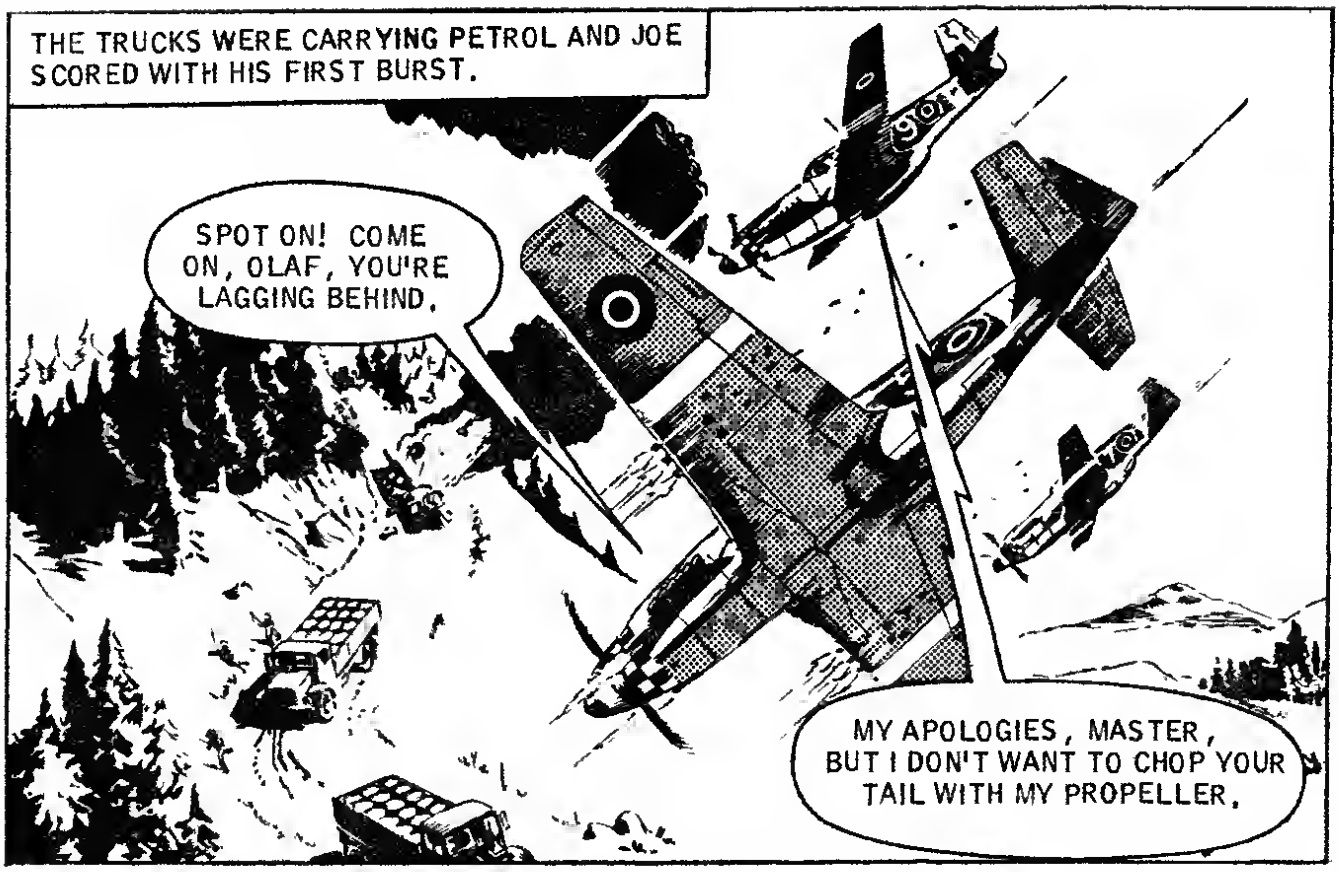
THERE WAS REAL PRIDE IN THE MECHANICS' VOICES AS THE TWO MUSTANGS BEAT UP THE DUSTY R.A.F. BASE IN ITALY. FOR THE TWO PILOTS ABOVE HAD MARKED UP MORE VICTORIES THAN ALL THE REST OF THE SQUADRON.

ONE DAWN MORNING IN 1944, THE PILOTS OF AN R.A.F. SQUADRON FLYING MUSTANGS FROM A BASE IN ITALY PREPARED TO TAKE-OFF IN AN ATTEMPT TO STRAFE ANY GERMAN ROAD CONVOYS.
FAR TOO EARLY FOR THIS CAPER.
AT LEAST IT'S NOT SO COLD AS BACK HOME!

TWO OF THESE PILOTS WERE THE BEST OF FRIENDS - FLIGHT LIEUTENANT JOE JENNINGS AND FLYING OFFICER OLAF JACOBSEN.
REMEMBER, OLAF, WATCH MY TAIL.
LIKE YOU WERE A BABY!
JOE, A STOCKY, CHEERY COCKNEY, WAS THE SQUADRON ACE. HIS WINGMAN, OLAF, WAS A GIANT SWEDE WHOSE PARENTS HAD COME TO BRITAIN BEFORE THE WAR.


AS THE AIRCRAFT TOOK TO THE SKY, OLAF THOUGHT AGAIN OF HIS RESPONSIBILITY. TO BE WINGMAN MEANT GUARDING JOE'S TAIL AT ALL TIMES.
HE IS THE FINEST PILOT IN THE SQUADRON AND MY BEST FRIEND. NOTHING MUST HAPPEN TO HIM.
THE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY JOE TRUSTED OLAF COMPLETELY. HE ALWAYS FELT SAFE WHEN THE BIG SWEDE WAS FLYING BEIND HIM.

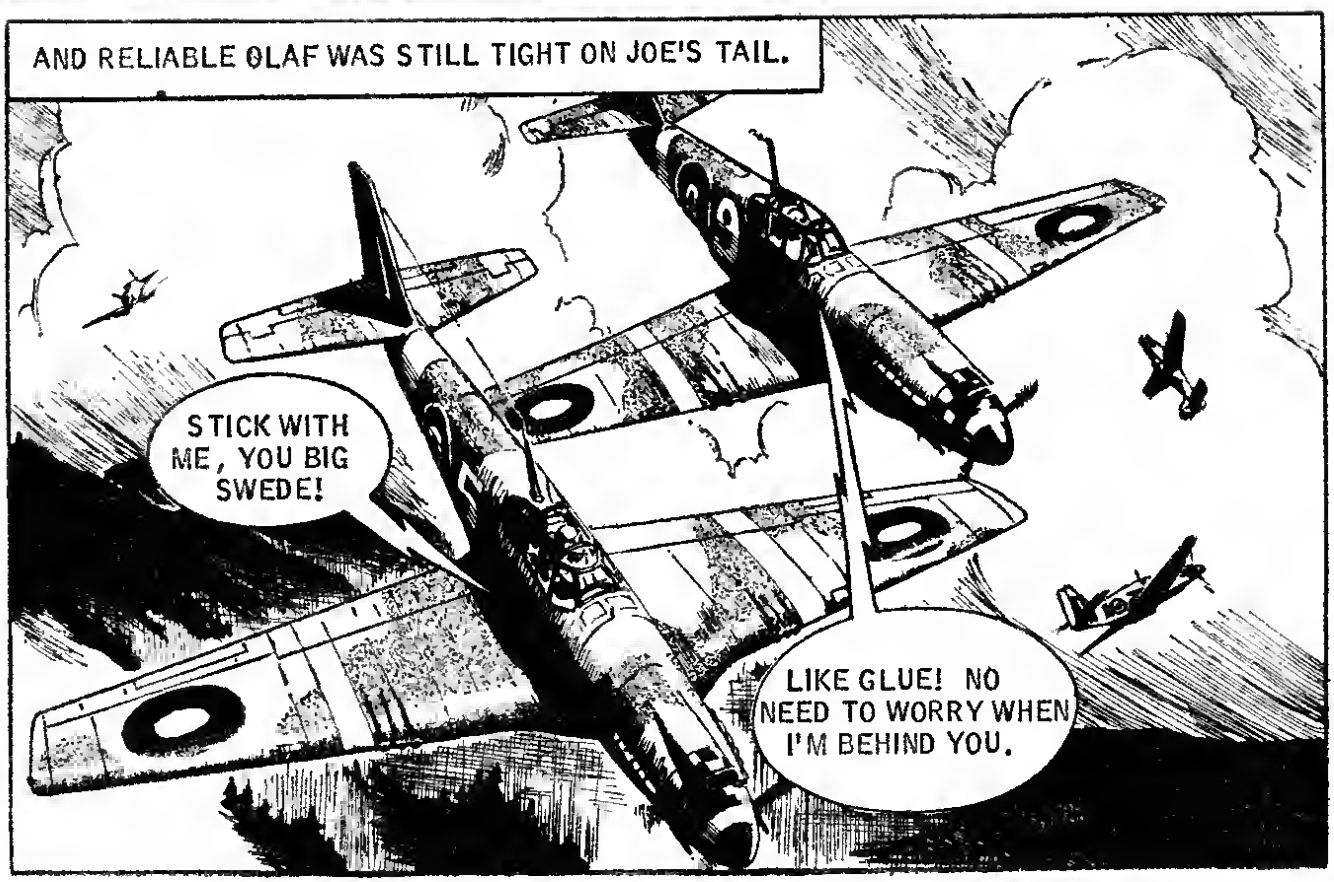

TEN MINUTES LATER THEY SPOTTED A LIKELY TARGET. THE C.O., SQUADRON LEADER REGAN, RAPPED OUT HIS ORDERS.
FOLLOW JENNINGS DOWN, BOYS. LOOKS LIKE A FUEL CONVOY TO ME.


THE TRUCKS WERE CARRYING PETROL AND JOE SCORED WITH HIS FIRST BURST.
SPOT ON! COME ON, OLAF, YOU'RE LAGGING BEHIND.
MY APOLOGIES, MASTER, BUT I DON'T WANT TO CHOP YOUR TAIL WITH MY PROPELLER.

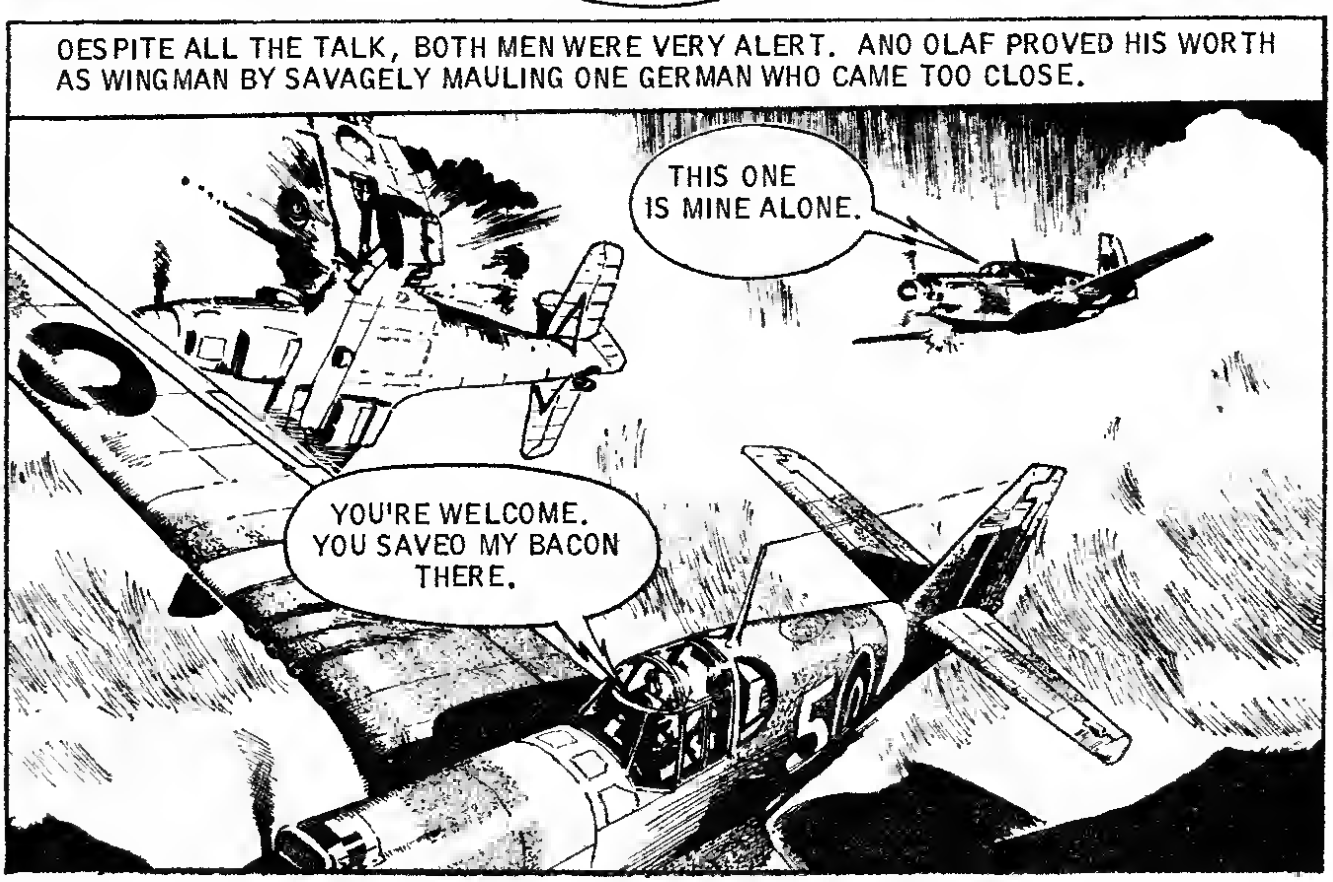
BUT OLAF WAS NO SLOUCH WHEN IT CAME TO REAL ACTION.
SOON THERE WILL BE NO GERMANS LEFT TO CHASE...

AND HIGH ABOVE CIRCLED SQUADRON LEADER REGAN, HIS EAGLE-EYE MISSING NOTHING.
REFORM. BANDITS COMING IN FAST.
DOWN STREAKED SIX Me109s ALSO ON AN EARLY PATROL.
FOLLOW ME – DON'T LAG BEHIND!
THE MUSTANGS TURNED TO MEET THE NEW FOE, EVERY PILOT TENSE AND ALERT.
TAKE 'EM APART, LADS!

THE FIRST TO SCORE A KILL WAS JOE, ALWAYS THE MAN TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HIS OPPONENT'S SLIGHTEST MISTAKE.
ROUND ONE TO ME, JERRY!


AND RELIABLE OLAF WAS STILL TIGHT ON JOE'S TAIL.
STICK WITH ME, YOU BIG SWEDE!
LIKE GLUE! NO NEED TO WORRY WHEN I'M BEHIND YOU.

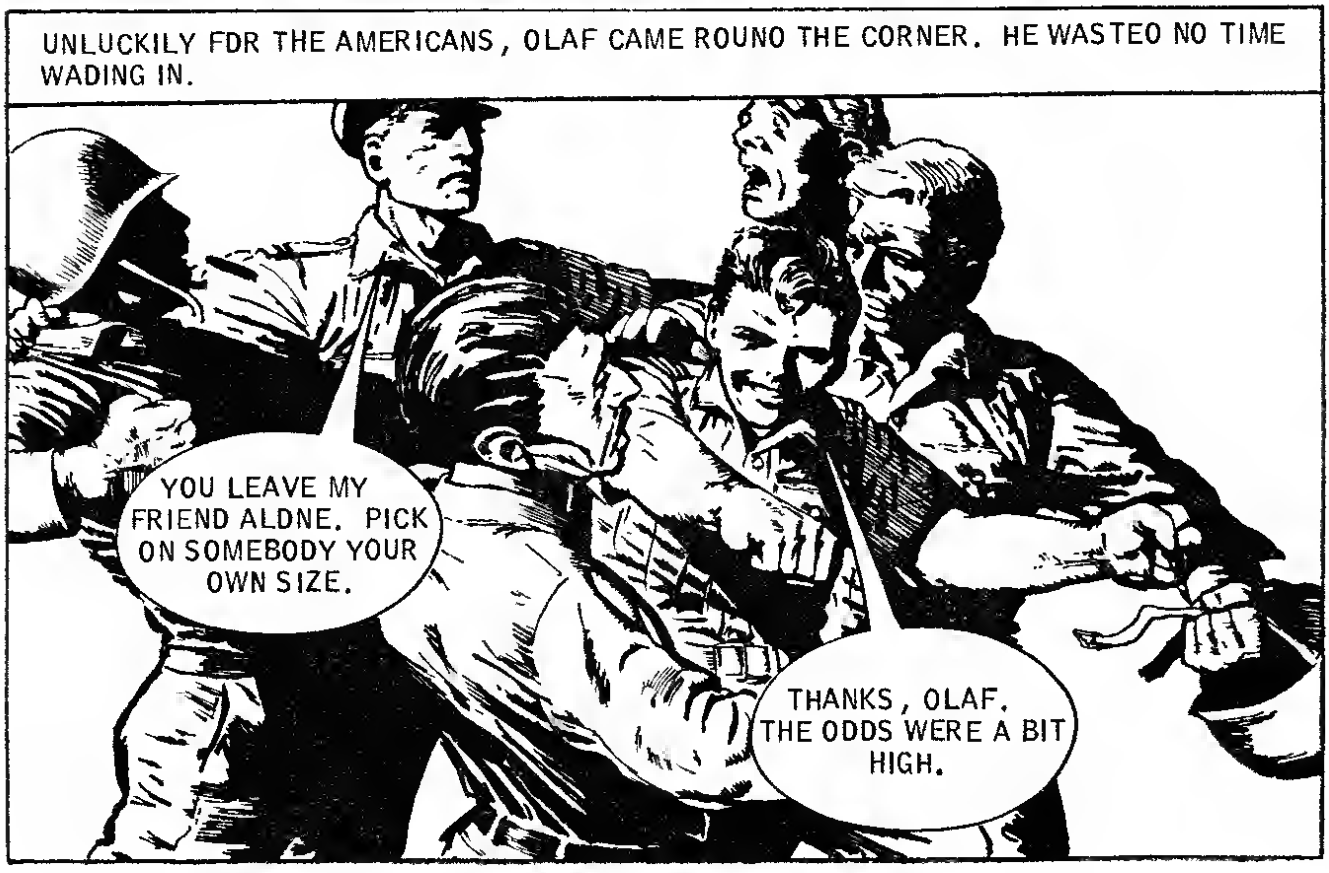
IT WAS A DEADLY COMBINATION, AS A FLEEING NAZI FOUND TO HIS COST.
AAGH!
I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO SHARE THIS ONE WITH YOU, OLAF.


DESPITE ALL THE TALK, BOTH MEN WERE VERY ALERT. AND OLAF PROVED HIS WORTH AS WINGMAN BY SAVAGELY MAULING ONE GERMAN WHO CAME TOO CLOSE.
THIS ONE IS MINE ALONE.
YOU'RE WELCOME. YOU SAVED MY BACON THERE.

NEXT INSTANT THE FIGHT BROKE UP AS THE TWO SURVIVING Me109s FLED. ONLY ONE MUSTANG HAD BEEN LOST.

IT WAS NOT ONLY IN THE AIR THAT OLAF LOOKED AFTER JOE. NEXT DAY, IN A SMALL VILLAGE NEAR THE BASE —

ALWAYS HOT-TEMPERED AND NO LOVER OF YANKS, JOE SWUNG INTO ACTION.
NOBODY CALLS ME YELLOW!
AAGH.
LET'S FIX THIS GUY...


UNLUCKILY FOR THE AMERICANS, OLAF CAME ROUND THE CORNER. HE WASTED NO TIME WADING IN.
YOU LEAVE MY FRIEND ALONE. PICK ON SOMEBODY YOUR OWN SIZE.
THANKS, OLAF. THE ODDS WERE A BIT HIGH.

THE G.I.s FLED JUST AS FLIGHT LIEUTENANT RICKET APPEARED. HE WAS IN THE SAME SQUADRON AND RESENTED THAT OLAF AND NOT HE WAS JOE'S WINGMAN.

OFFICERS BRAWLING LIKE STREET ARABS! YOU TWO SHOULD KNOW BETTER.

NOW, LISTEN HERE...

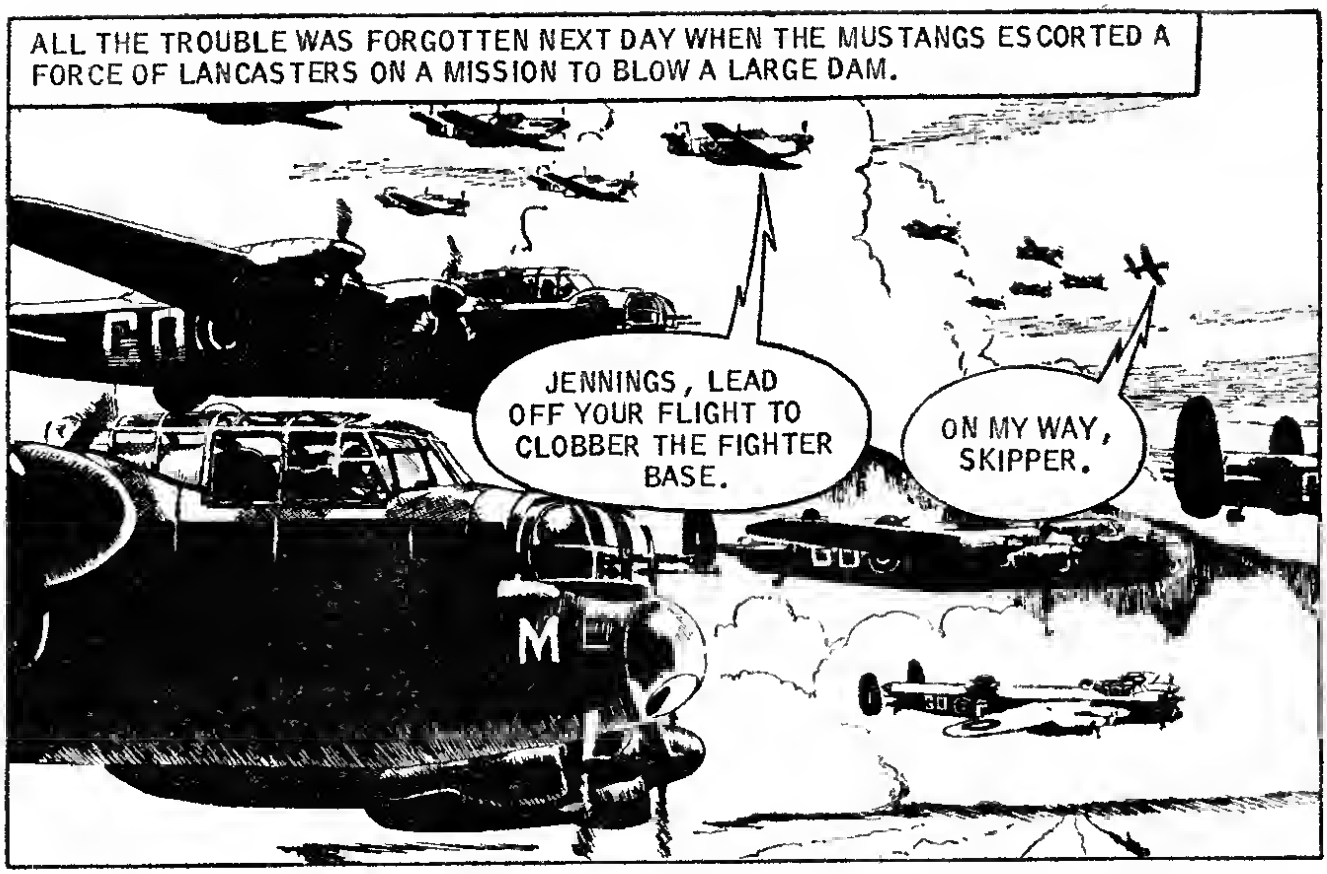
BUT RICKET'S ILL HUMOUR ROSE TO THE SURFACE.

NO, YOU LISTEN TO ME! I'M FED UP WITH YOUR...

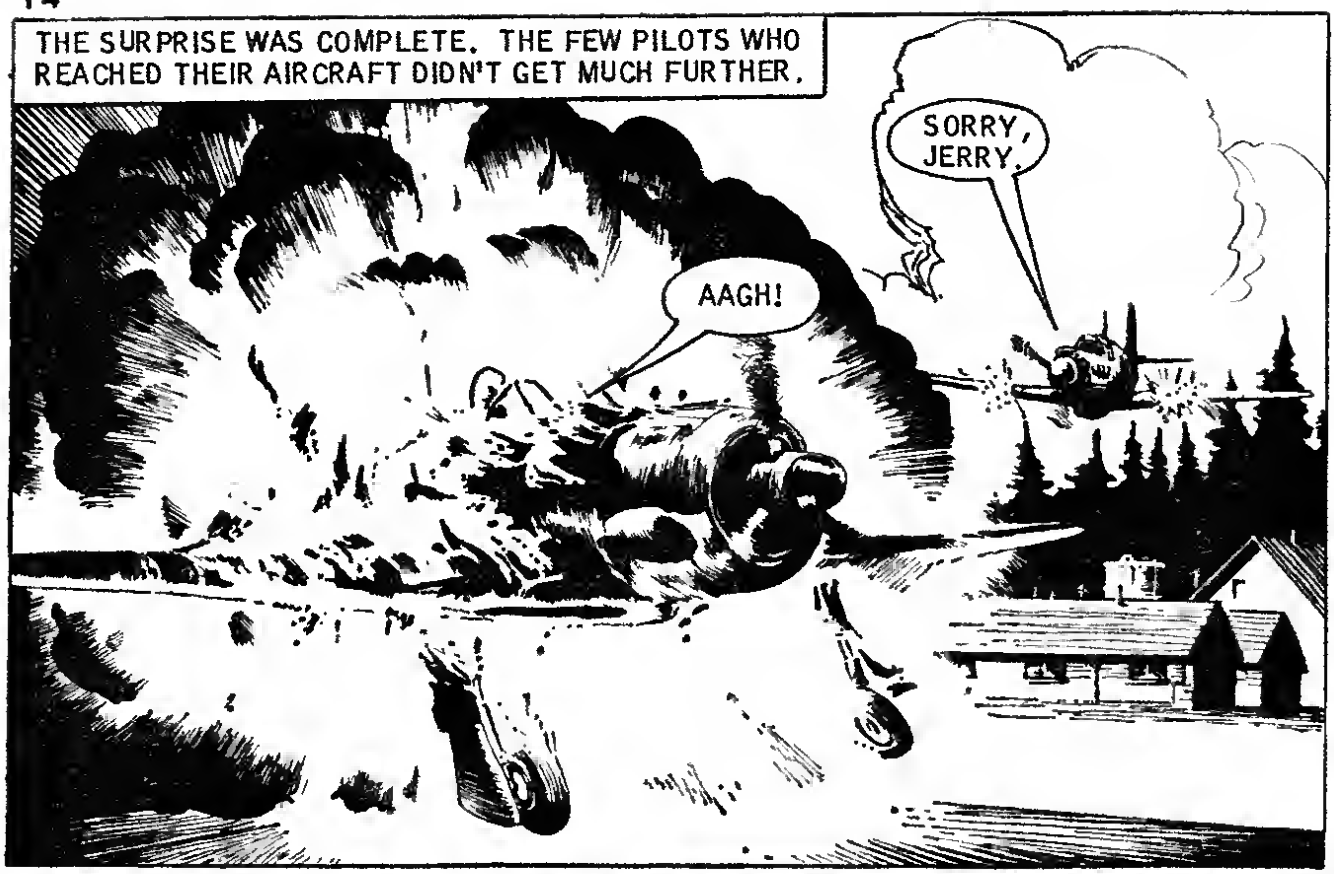
JOE DECIDED TO INTERVENE.

COME ON, LADS, COOL DOWN. NO NEED FOR ALL THIS.

GRUDGINGLY BOTH MEN CALMED DOWN.

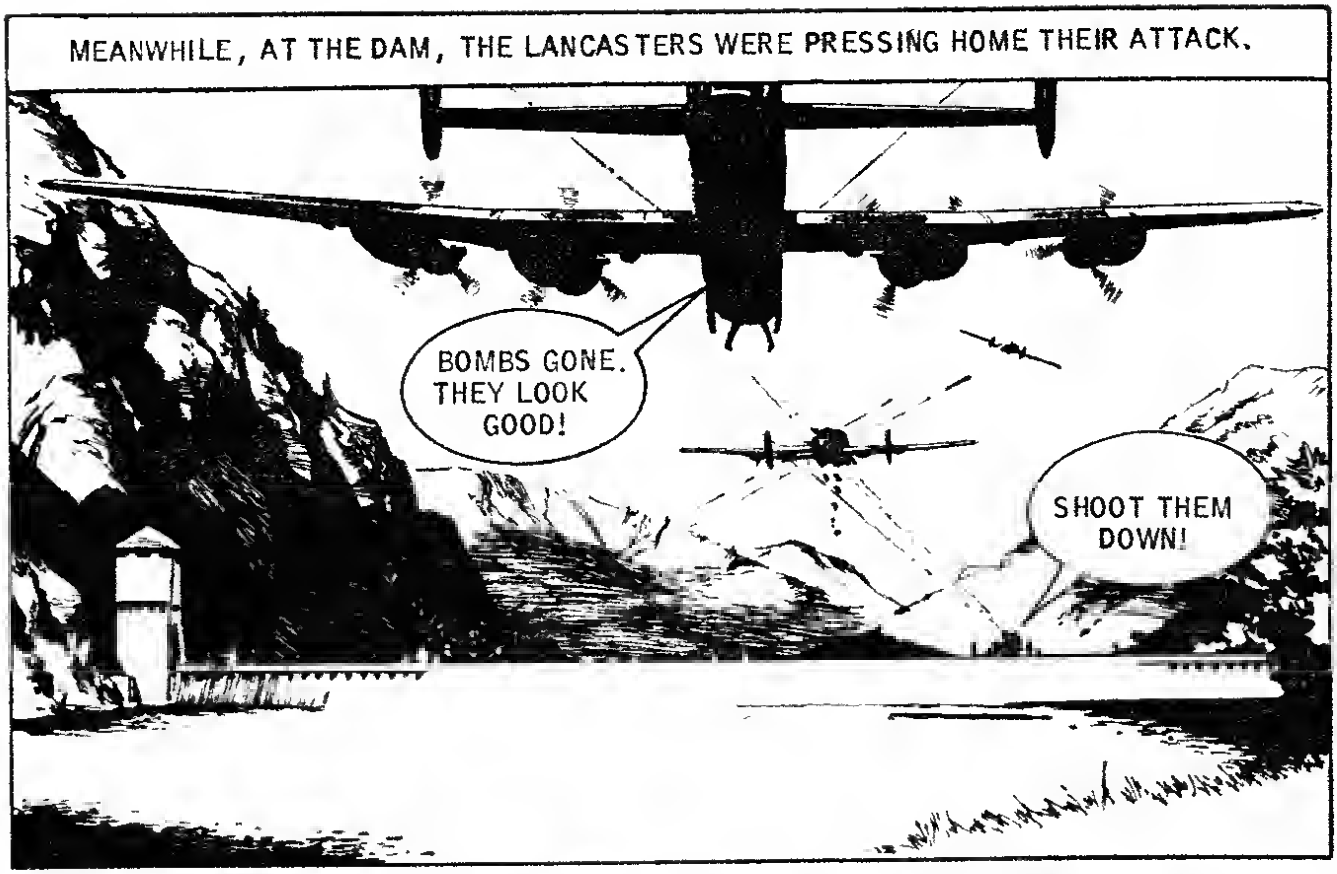

ALL THE TROUBLE WAS FORGOTTEN NEXT DAY WHEN THE MUSTANGS ESCORTED A FORCE OF LANCASTERS ON A MISSION TO BLOW A LARGE DAM.
JENNINGS, LEAD OFF YOUR FLIGHT TO CLOBBER THE FIGHTER BASE.
ON MY WAY, SKIPPER.

JOE'S JOB WAS TO KEEP THE GERMAN AIRCRAFT ON THE GROUND AT THE AERODROME NEAREST THE DAM, TO LET THE LANCASTERS ATTACK UNHINDERED.
NAIL AS MANY AS YOU CAN!

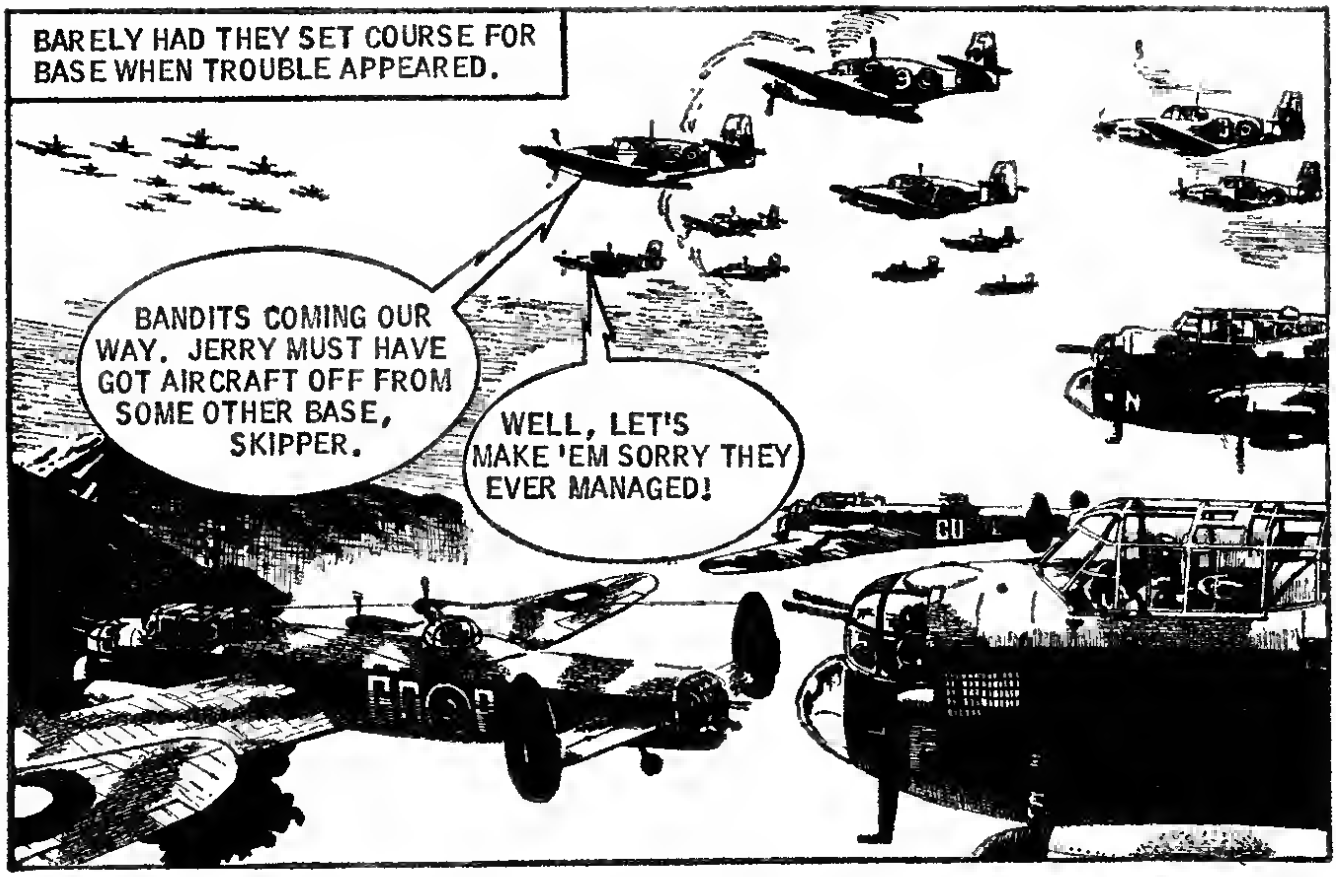

THE SURPRISE WAS COMPLETE. THE FEW PILOTS WHO REACHED THEIR AIRCRAFT DIDN'T GET MUCH FURTHER.
SORRY, JERRY.
AAGH!

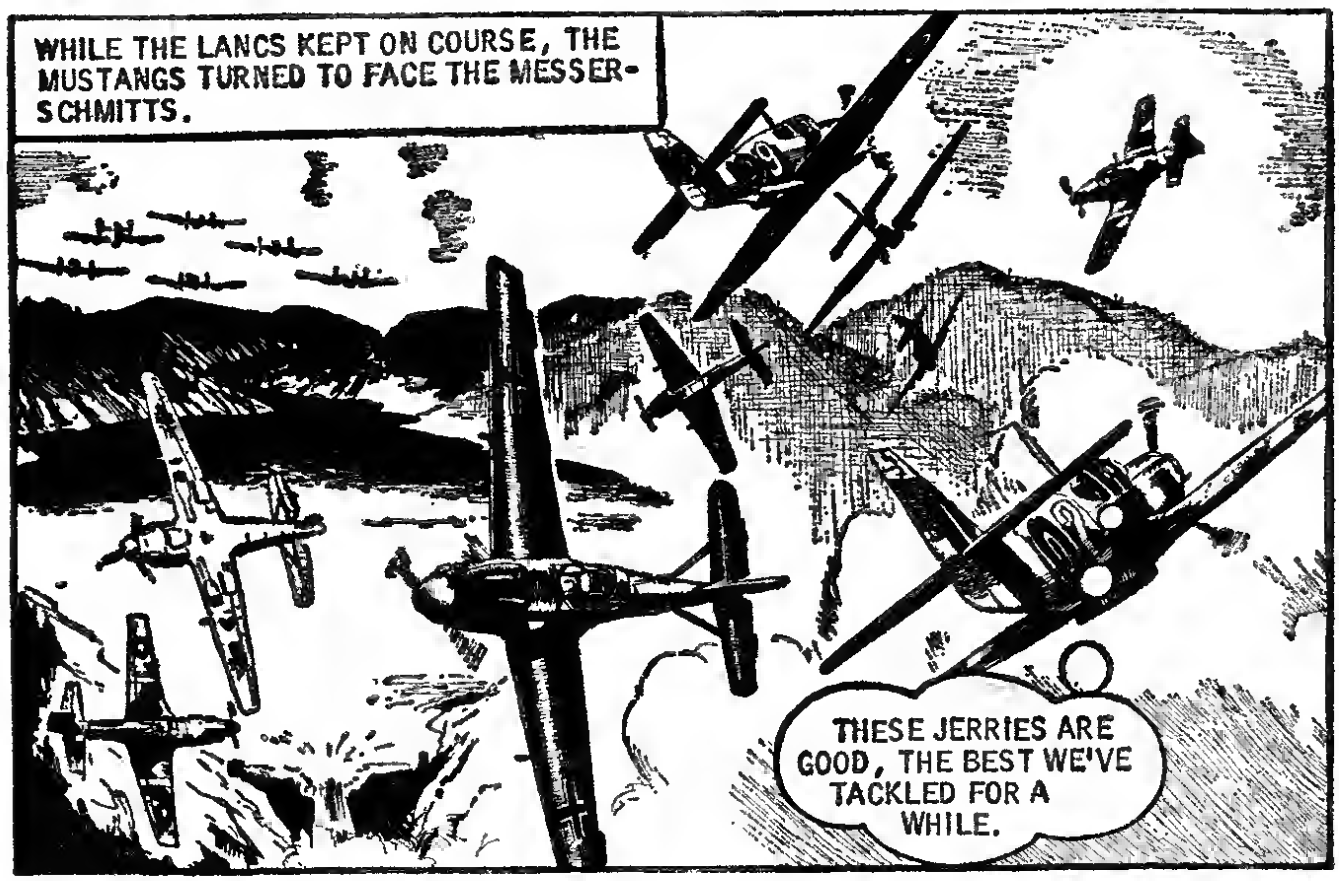
BUT NOT ALL THE MUSTANGS HAD IT EASY. ONE FELL VICTIM TO ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE.
WOW, IT WAS GETTING HOT IN THERE!

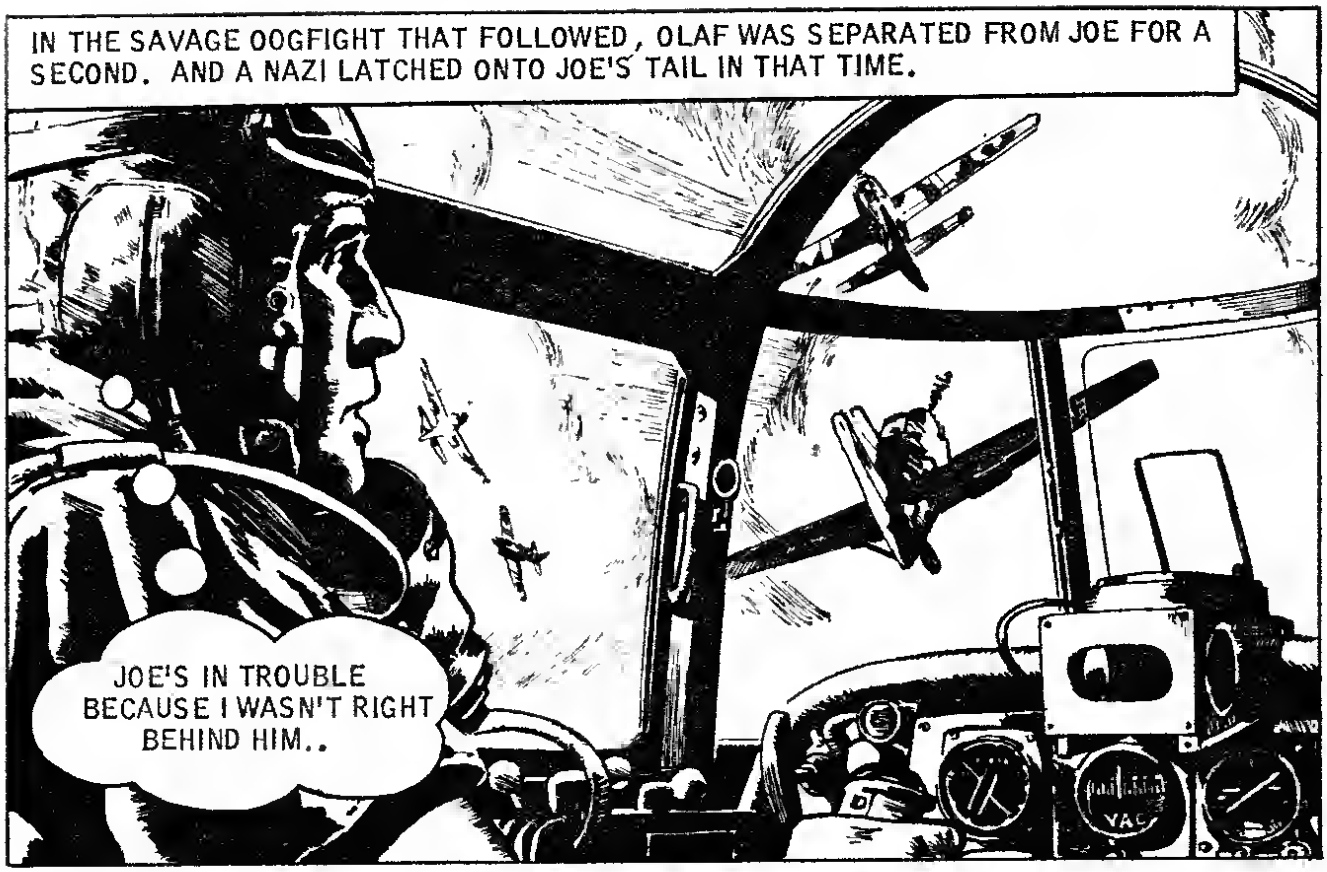
BUT ANOTHER FEW MINUTES AND NO AIR-CRAFT COULD OPERATE FROM THE ENEMY BASE.
LET'S FIND THE OTHERS. NO FUN LEFT HERE.

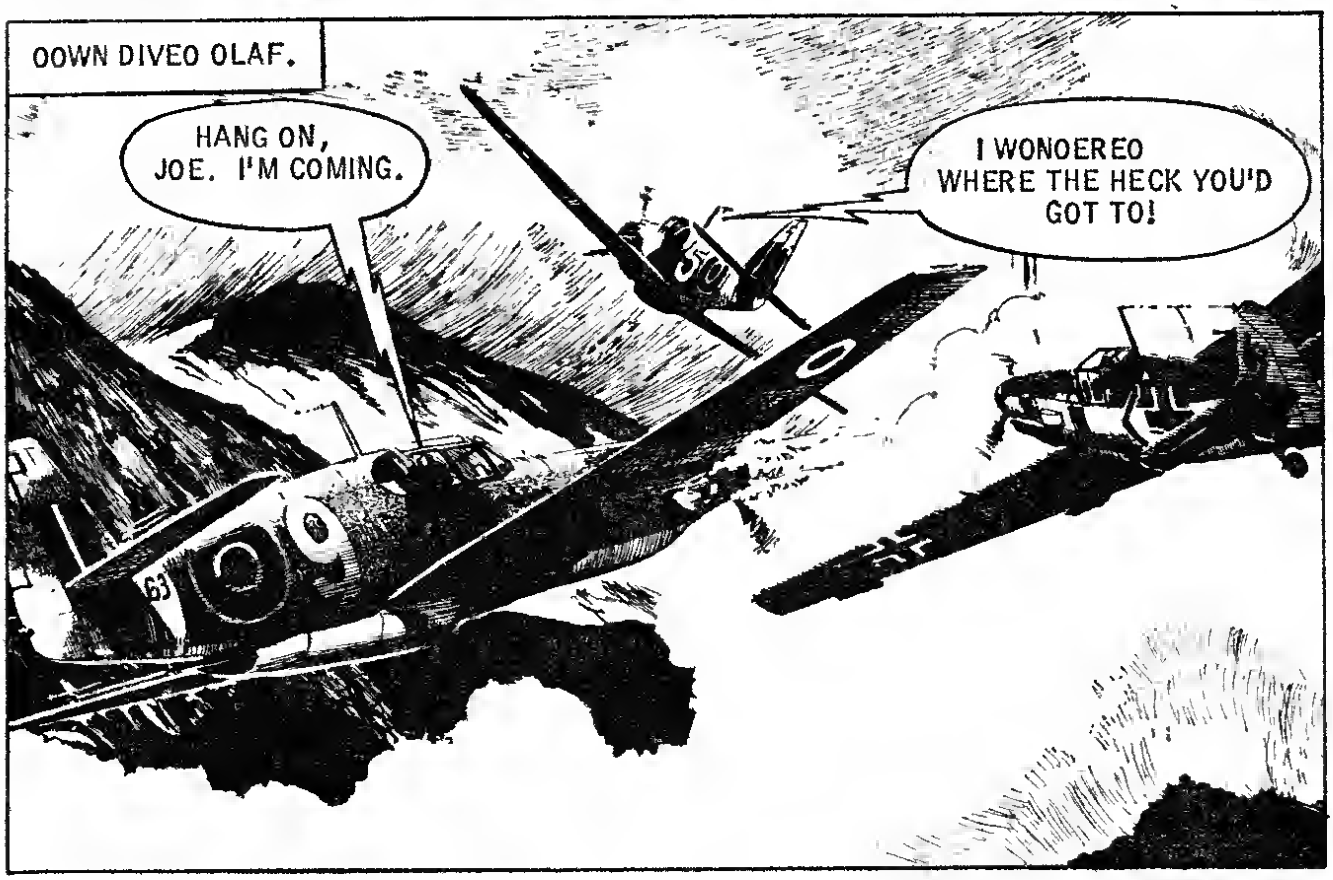

MEANWHILE, AT THE DAM, THE LANCASTERS WERE PRESSING HOME THEIR ATTACK.
BOMBS GONE. THEY LOOK GOOD!
SHOOT THEM DOWN!

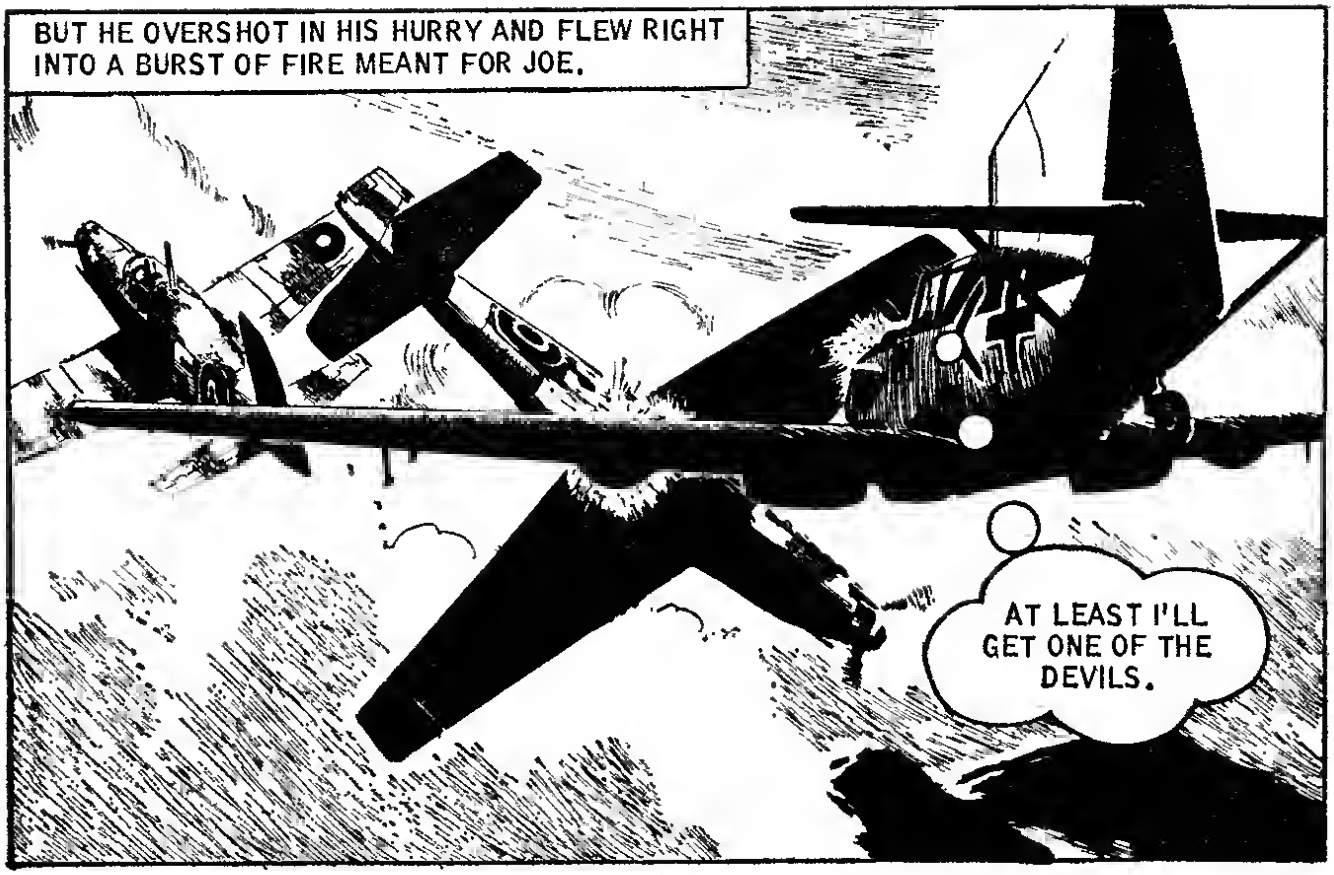
THE DAM SPLIT ASUNDER UNDER THE HEAVY POUNDING.
MISSION ACCOMPLISHED! LET'S HEAD FOR HOME.

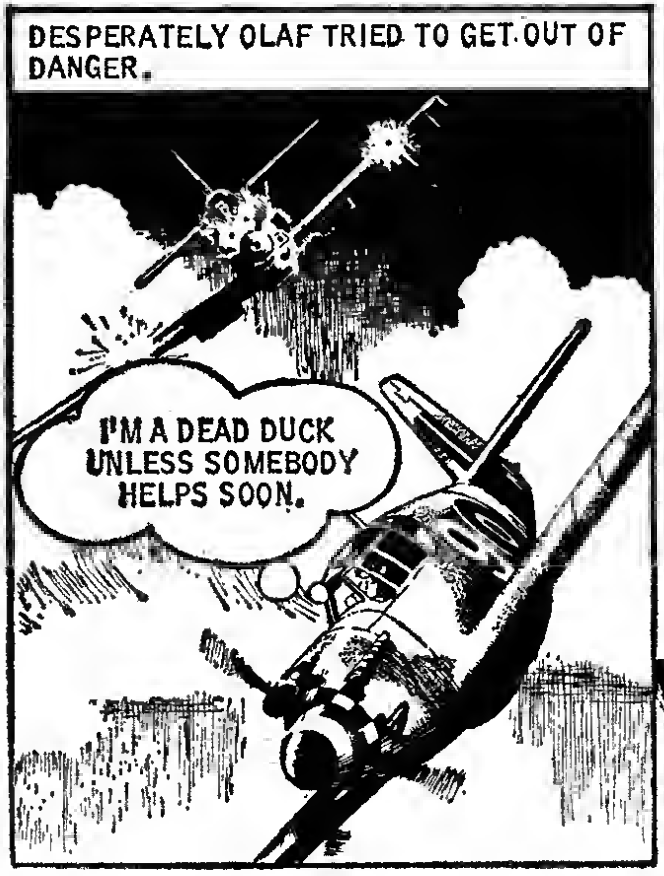

BARELY HAD THEY SET COURSE FOR BASE WHEN TROUBLE APPEARED.
BANDITS COMING OUR WAY. JERRY MUST HAVE GOT AIRCRAFT OFF FROM SOME OTHER BASE, SKIPPER.
WELL, LET'S MAKE 'EM SORRY THEY EVER MANAGED!


WHILE THE LANCS KEPT ON COURSE, THE MUSTANGS TURNED TO FACE THE MESSER-SCHMITTS.
THESE JERRIES ARE GOOD, THE BEST WE'VE TACKLED FOR A WHILE.

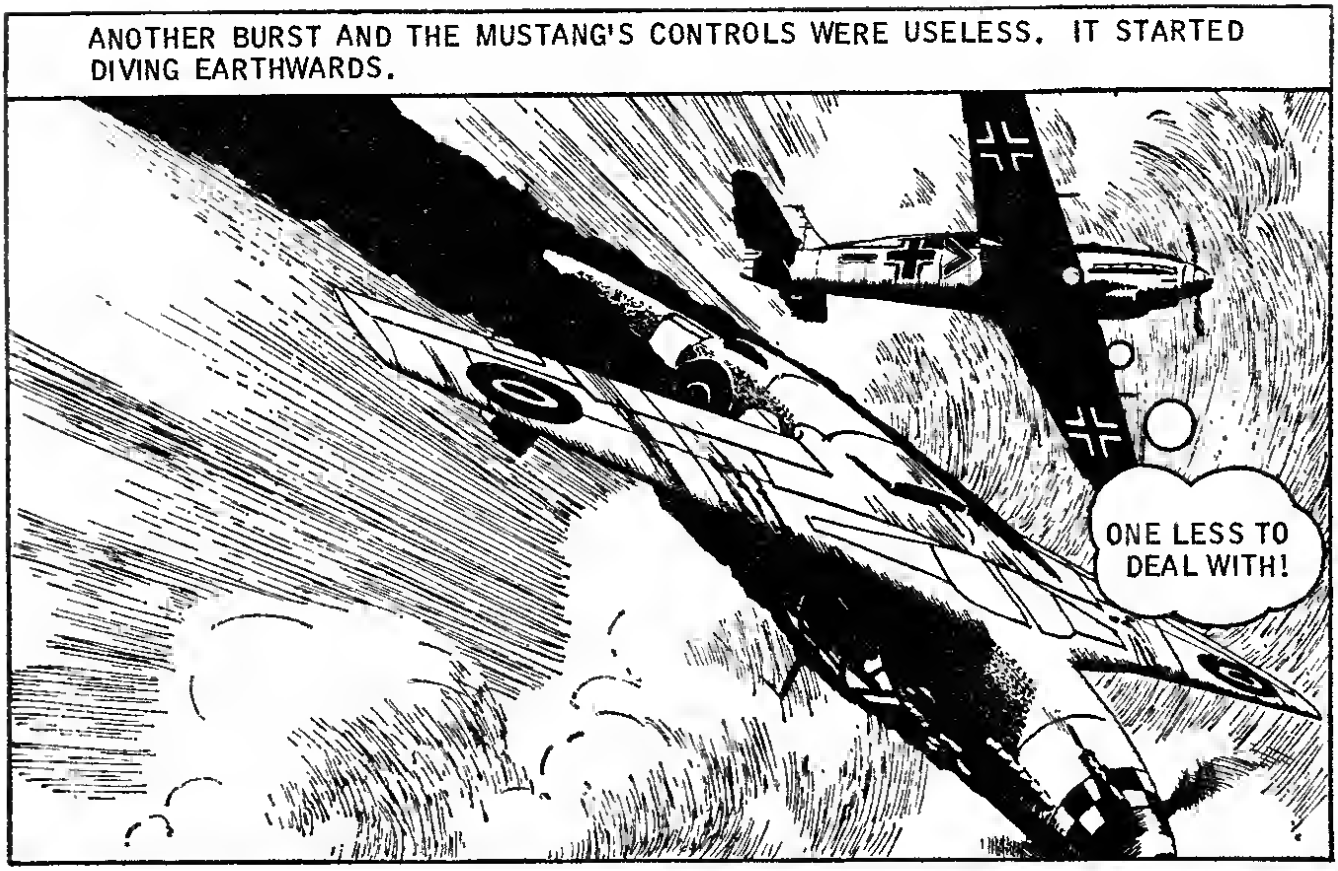

IN THE SAVAGE OOGFIGHT THAT FOLLOWED, OLAF WAS SEPARATED FROM JOE FOR A SECOND. AND A NAZI LATCHED ONTO JOE'S TAIL IN THAT TIME.
JOE'S IN TROUBLE BECAUSE I WASN'T RIGHT BEHIND HIM..

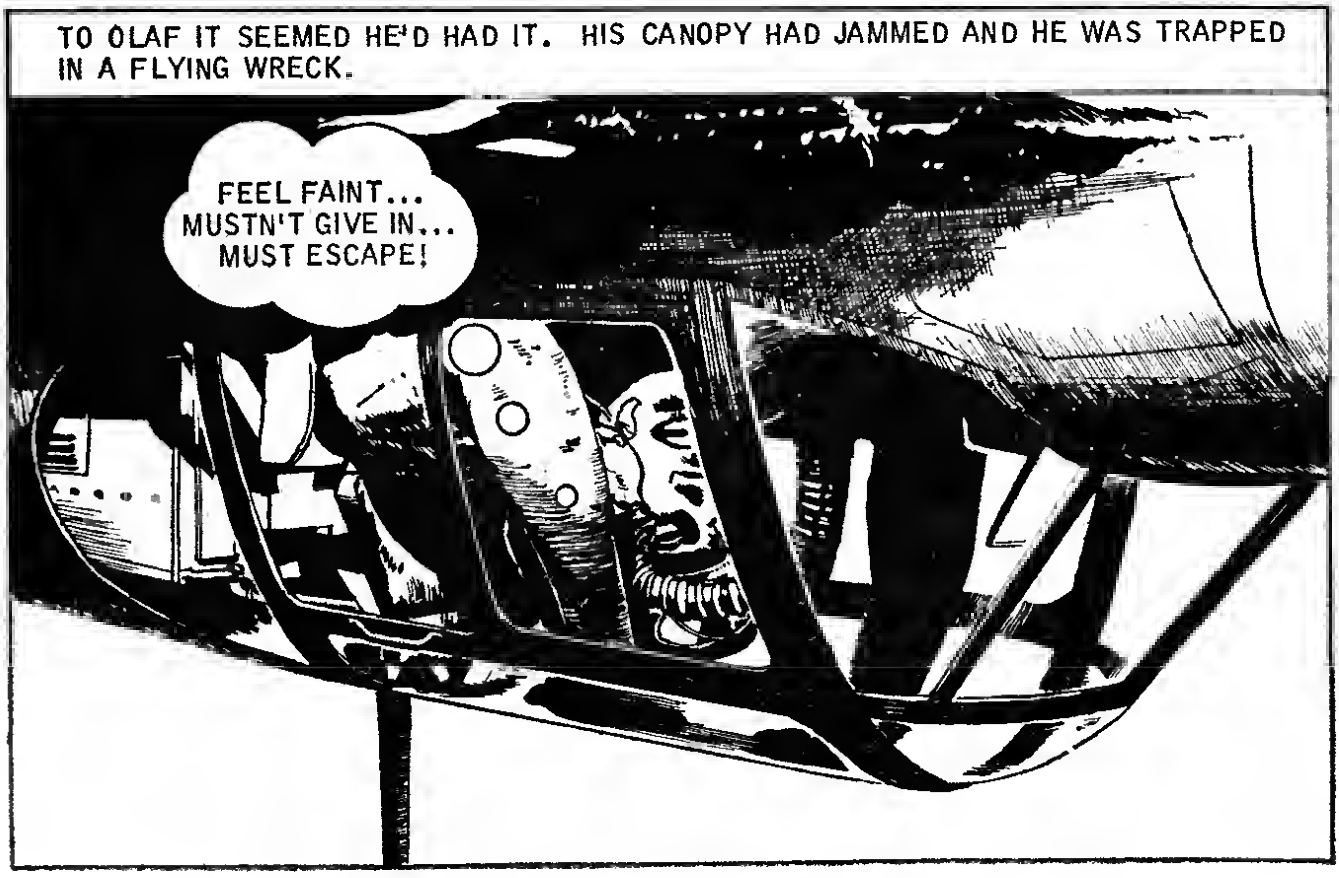

OOWN DIVEO OLAF.
HANG ON, JOE. I'M COMING.
I WONOEREO WHERE THE HECK YOU'D GOT TO!

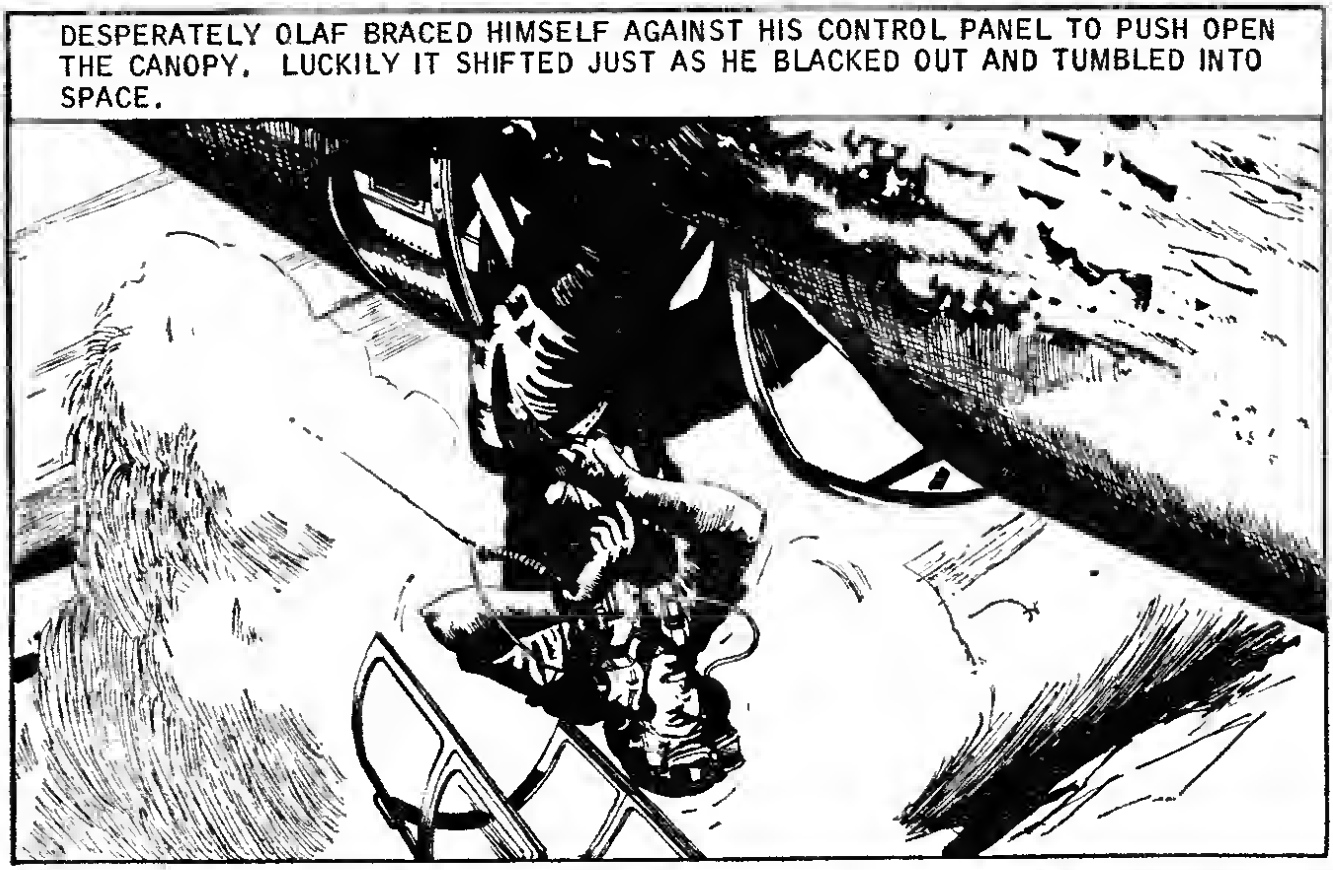

BUT HE OVERSHOT IN HIS HURRY AND FLEW RIGHT INTO A BURST OF FIRE MEANT FOR JOE.
AT LEAST I'LL GET ONE OF THE DEVILS.


DESPERATELY OLAF TRIED TO GET OUT OF DANGER.
I'M A DEAD DUCK UNLESS SOMEBODY HELPS SOON.

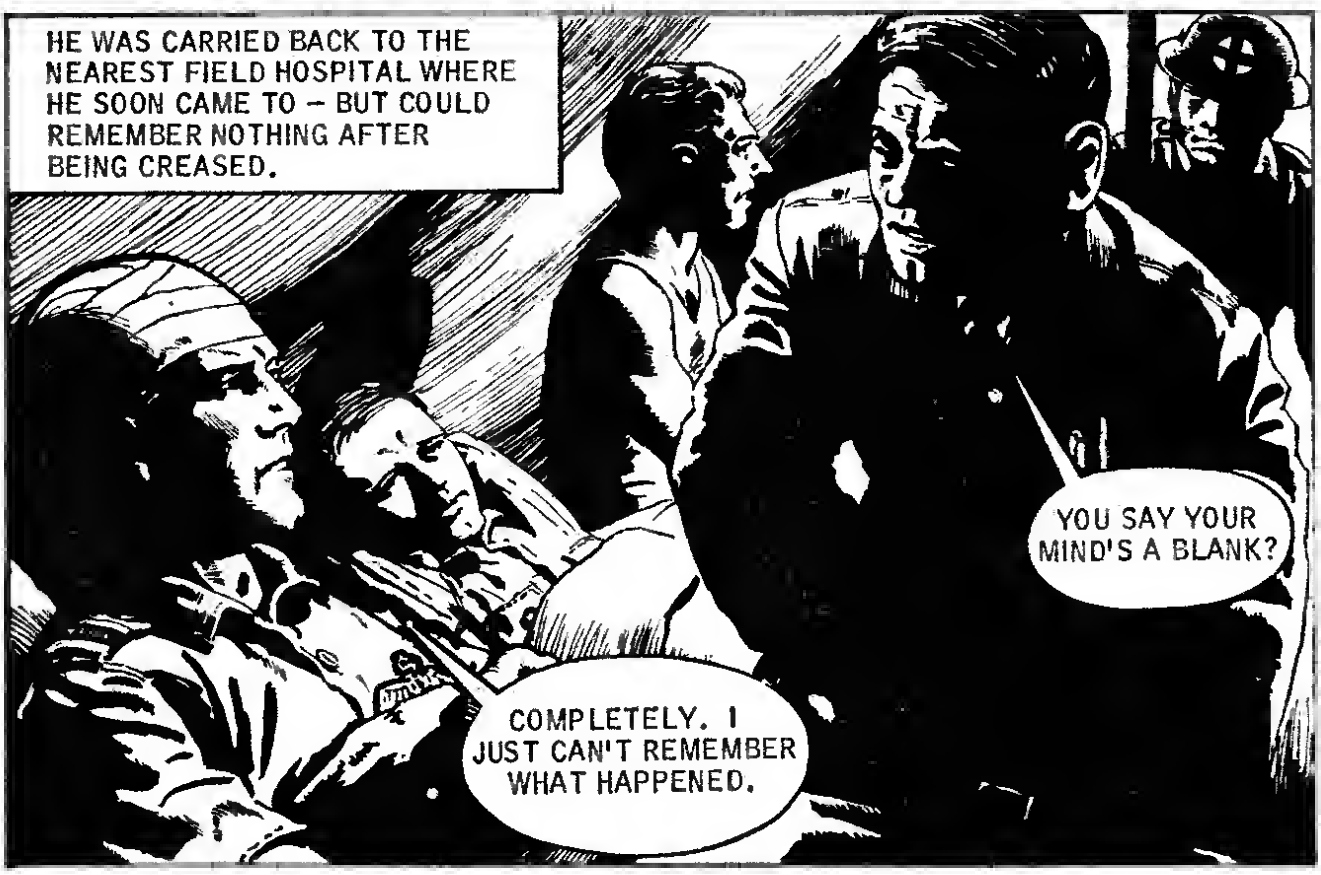
BUT NO HELP CAME. A FIERY BULLET CREASED HIS SKULL.
AAGH!


ANOTHER BURST AND THE MUSTANG'S CONTROLS WERE USELESS. IT STARTED DIVING EARTHWARDS.
ONE LESS TO DEAL WITH!

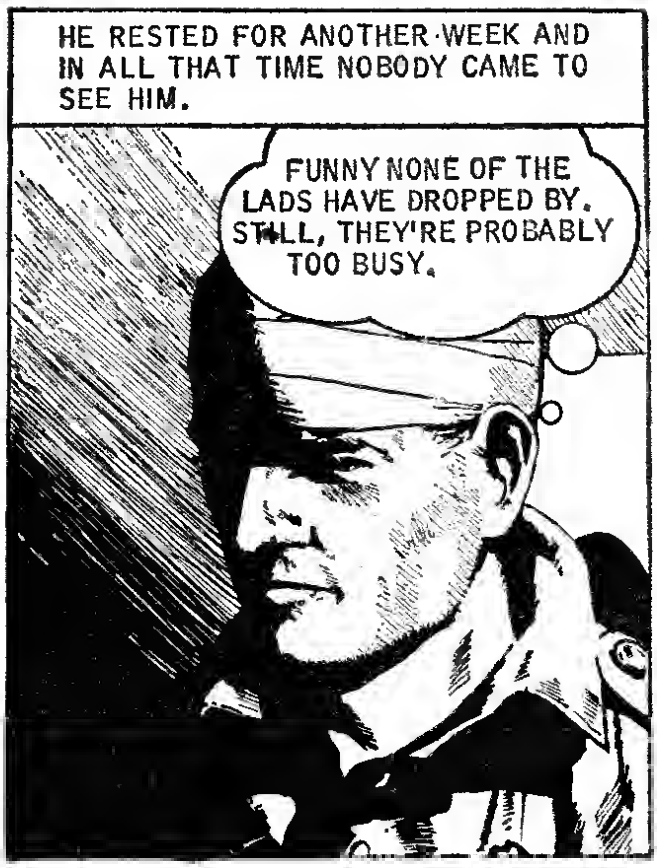

TO OLAF IT SEEMED HE'D HAD IT. HIS CANOPY HAD JAMMED AND HE WAS TRAPPED IN A FLYING WRECK.
FEEL FAINT... MUSTN'T GIVE IN... MUST ESCAPE!


DESPERATELY OLAF BRACED HIMSELF AGAINST HIS CONTROL PANEL TO PUSH OPEN THE CANOPY. LUCKILY IT SHIFTED JUST AS HE BLACKED OUT AND TUMBLED INTO SPACE.

THE FIGHT HAD TAKEN OLAF BACK OVER THE BRITISH LINES. HE LANDED STILL UNCONSCIOUS BUT OTHERWISE OK.
NASTY GASH ON THE HEAD, HE HAS
HE'S BLOOMING LUCKY. NOT A BONE BROKEN.

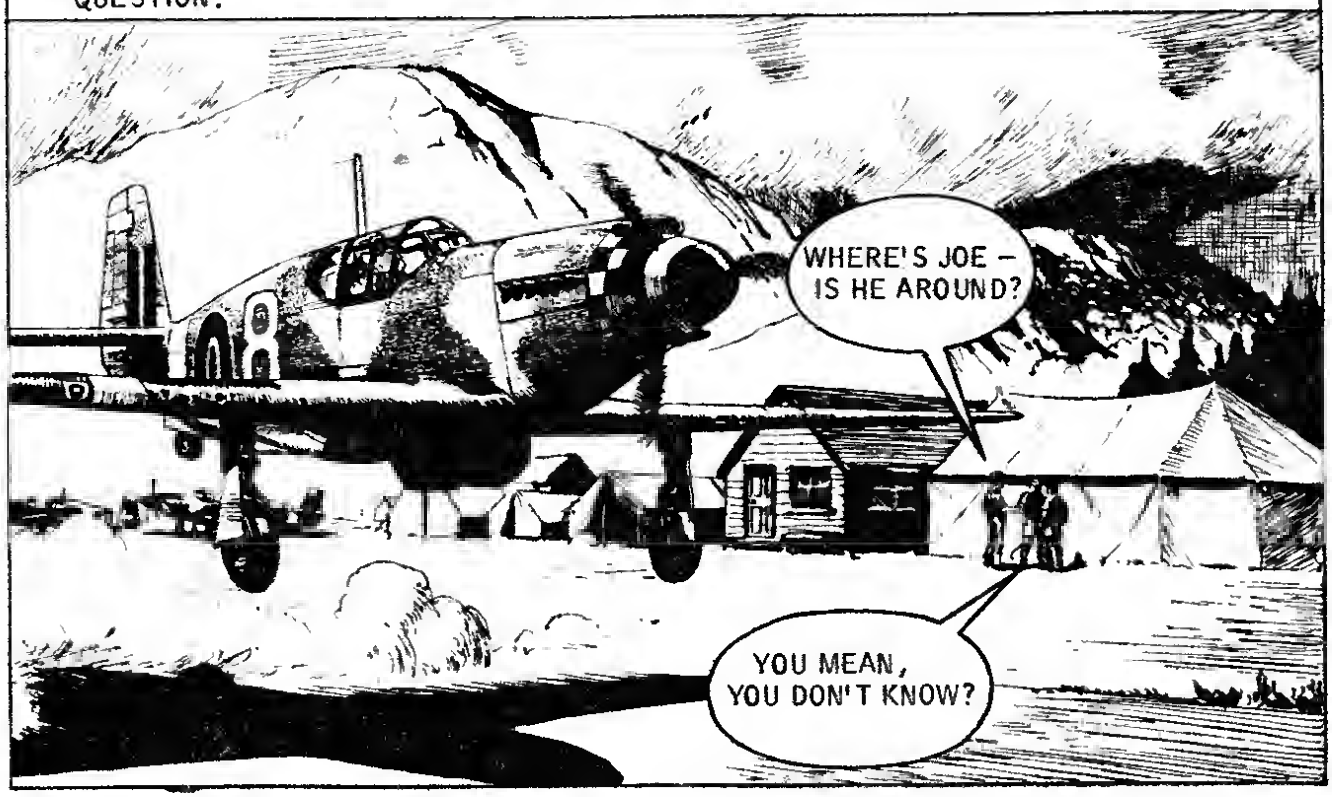

HE WAS CARRIED BACK TO THE NEAREST FIELD HOSPITAL WHERE HE SOON CAME TO – BUT COULD REMEMBER NOTHING AFTER BEING CREASED.
YOU SAY YOUR MIND'S A BLANK?
COMPLETELY. I JUST CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED.

DON'T LET IT WORRY YOU. IT'S QUITE COMMON. PLENTY OF REST AND YOU'LL BE RIGHT AS RAIN.


HE RESTED FOR ANOTHER WEEK AND IN ALL THAT TIME NOBODY CAME TO SEE HIM.
FUNNY NONE OF THE LADS HAVE DROPPED BY. STILL, THEY'RE PROBABLY TOO BUSY.

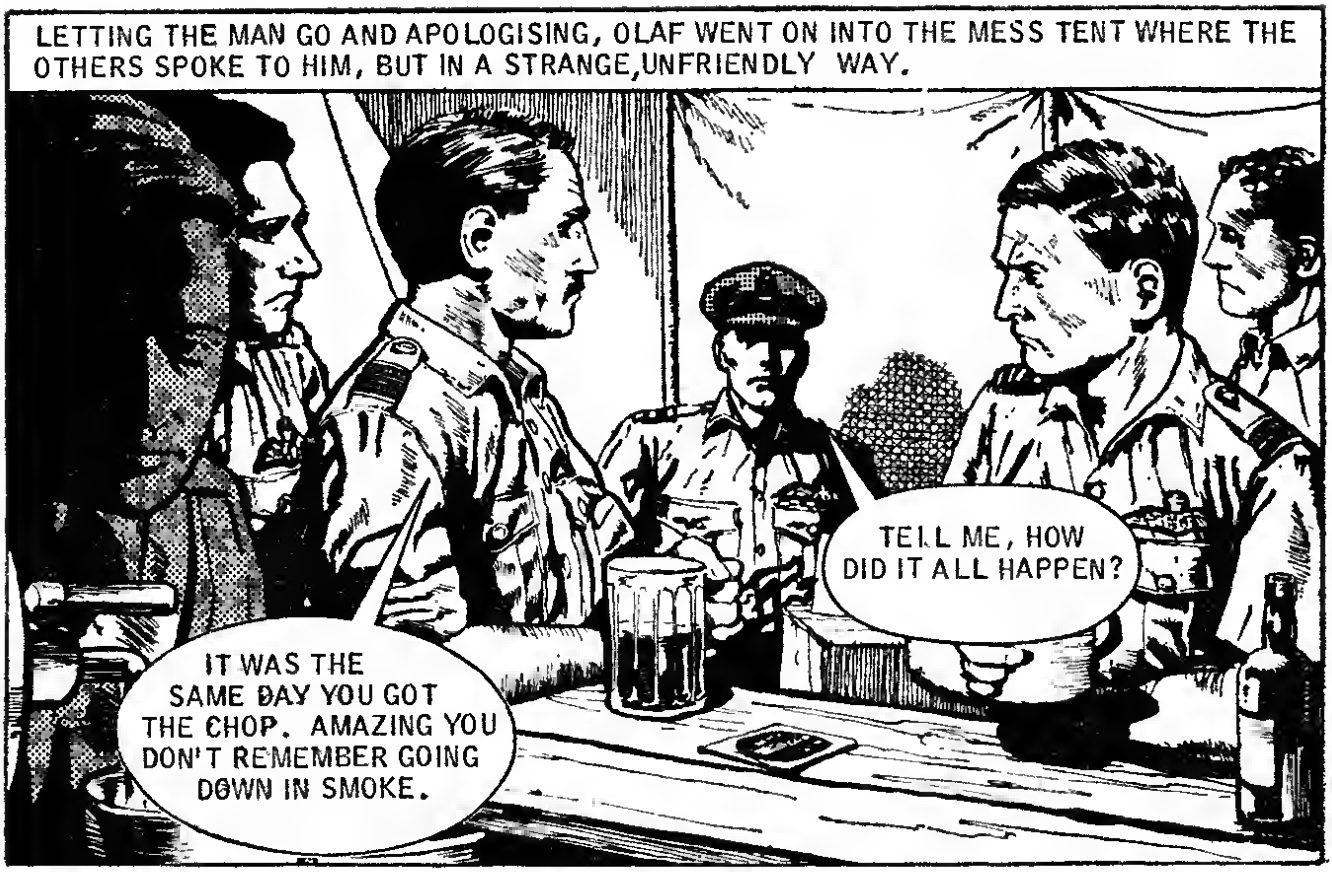
PASSED AS FIT FOR DUTY, HE GOT BACK TO BASE IN RECORD TIME. THERE HE DUMPED HIS KIT BEFORE MAKING FOR THE MESS.

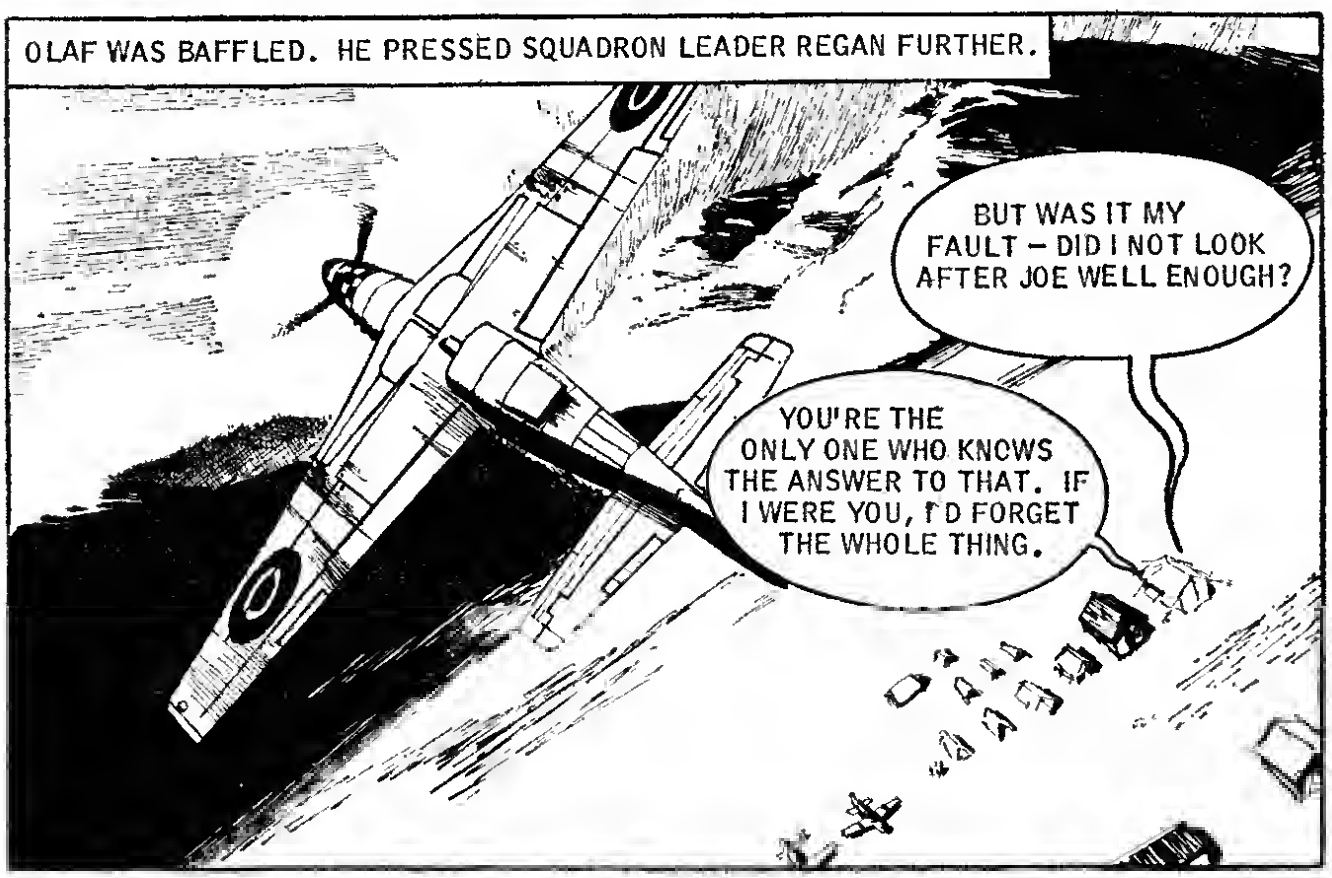
SENSING A STRANGENESS IN HIS WELCOME, OLAF FORGOT IT AS HE ASKED HIS BIG QUESTION.



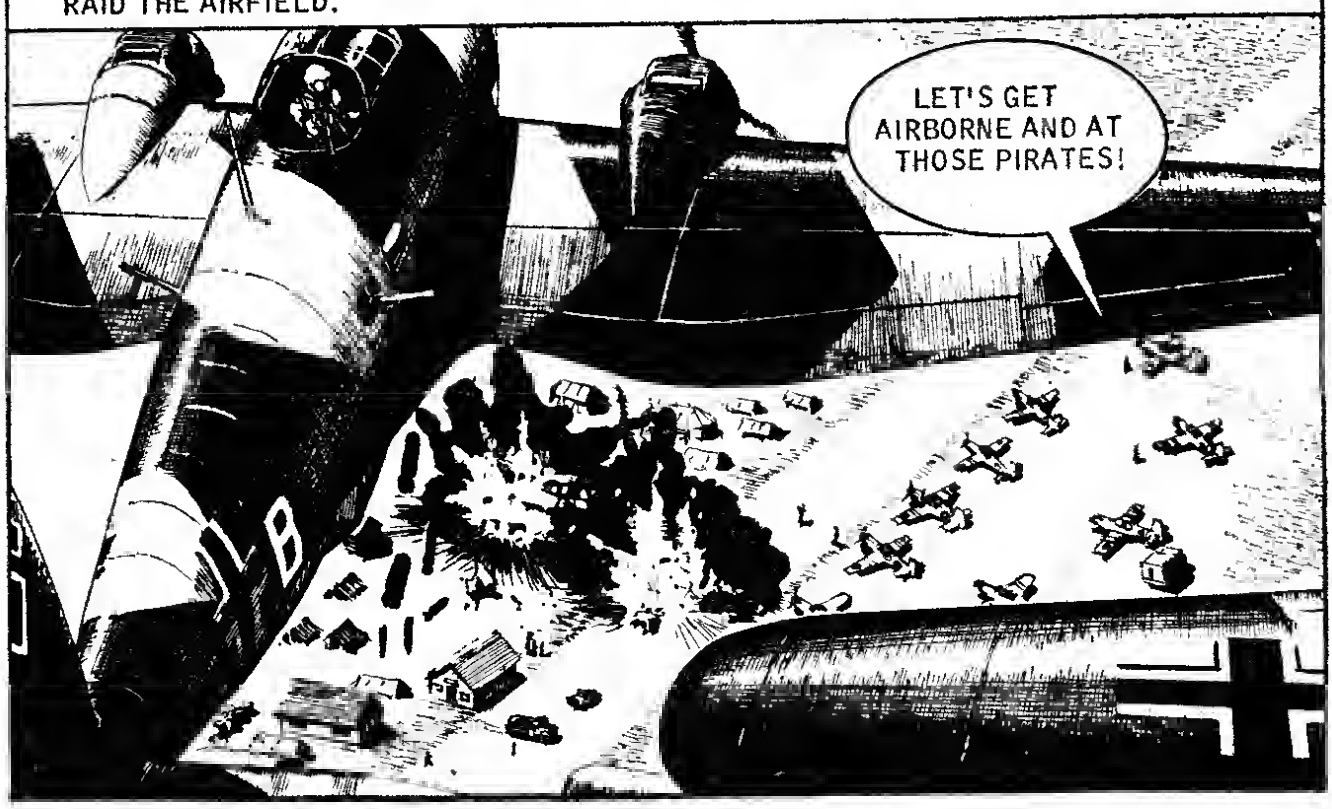
DON'T KNOW WHAT? WHY THE RIDDLES?
BUT YOU MUST KNOW. JOE'S DEAD... HE BOUGHT IT!

THE SHOCK HIT OLAF LIKE A THUNDERBOLT AND FIERCE ANGER WELLED THROUGH HIM.
WHEN – HOW DID IT HAPPEN?
HERE, STEADY ON!

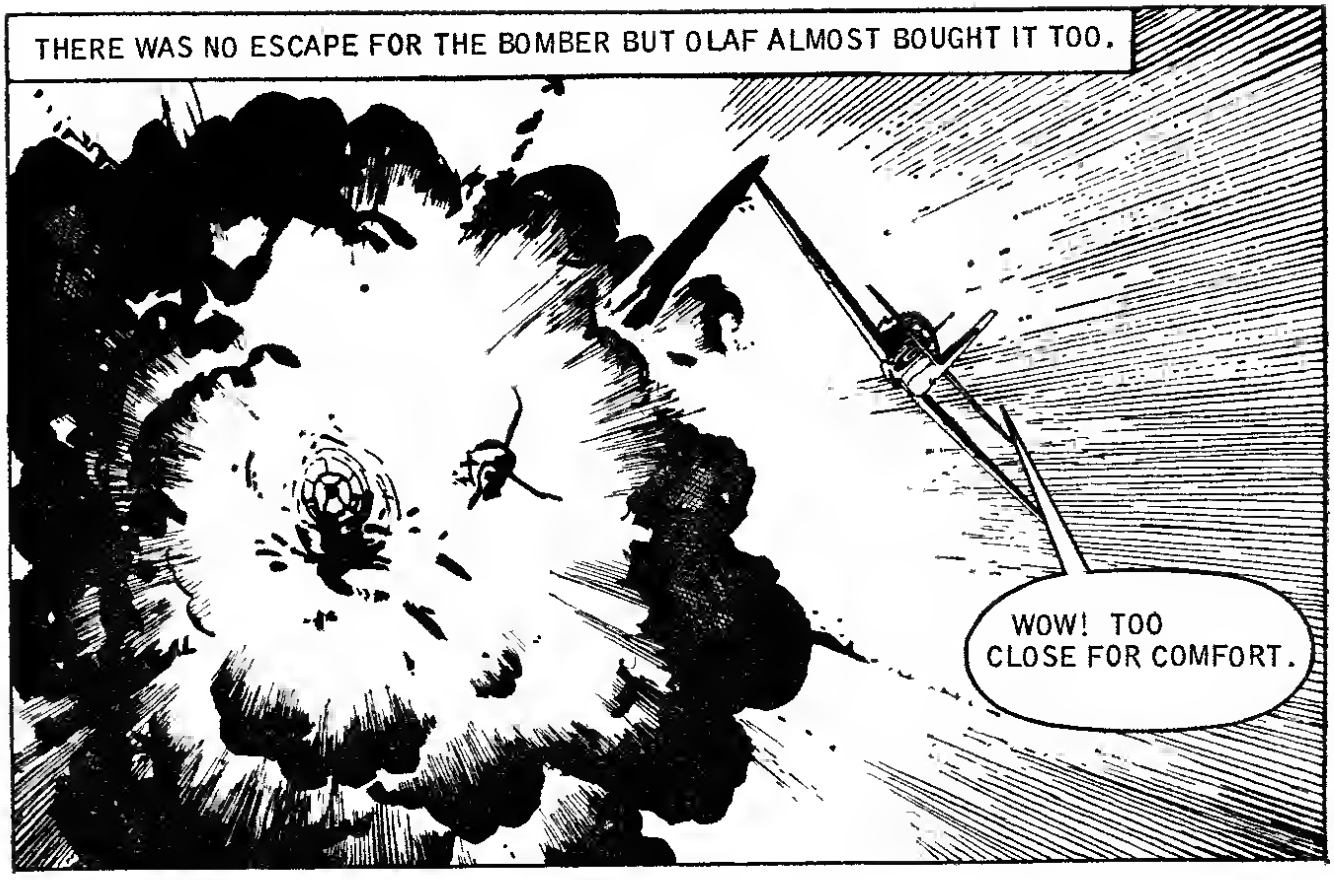

LETTING THE MAN GO AND APOLOGISING, OLAF WENT ON INTO THE MESS TENT WHERE THE OTHERS SPOKE TO HIM, BUT IN A STRANGE,UNFRIENDLY WAY.
TELL ME, HOW DID IT ALL HAPPEN?
IT WAS THE SAME DAY YOU GOT THE CHOP. AMAZING YOU DON'T REMEMBER GOING DOWN IN SMOKE.

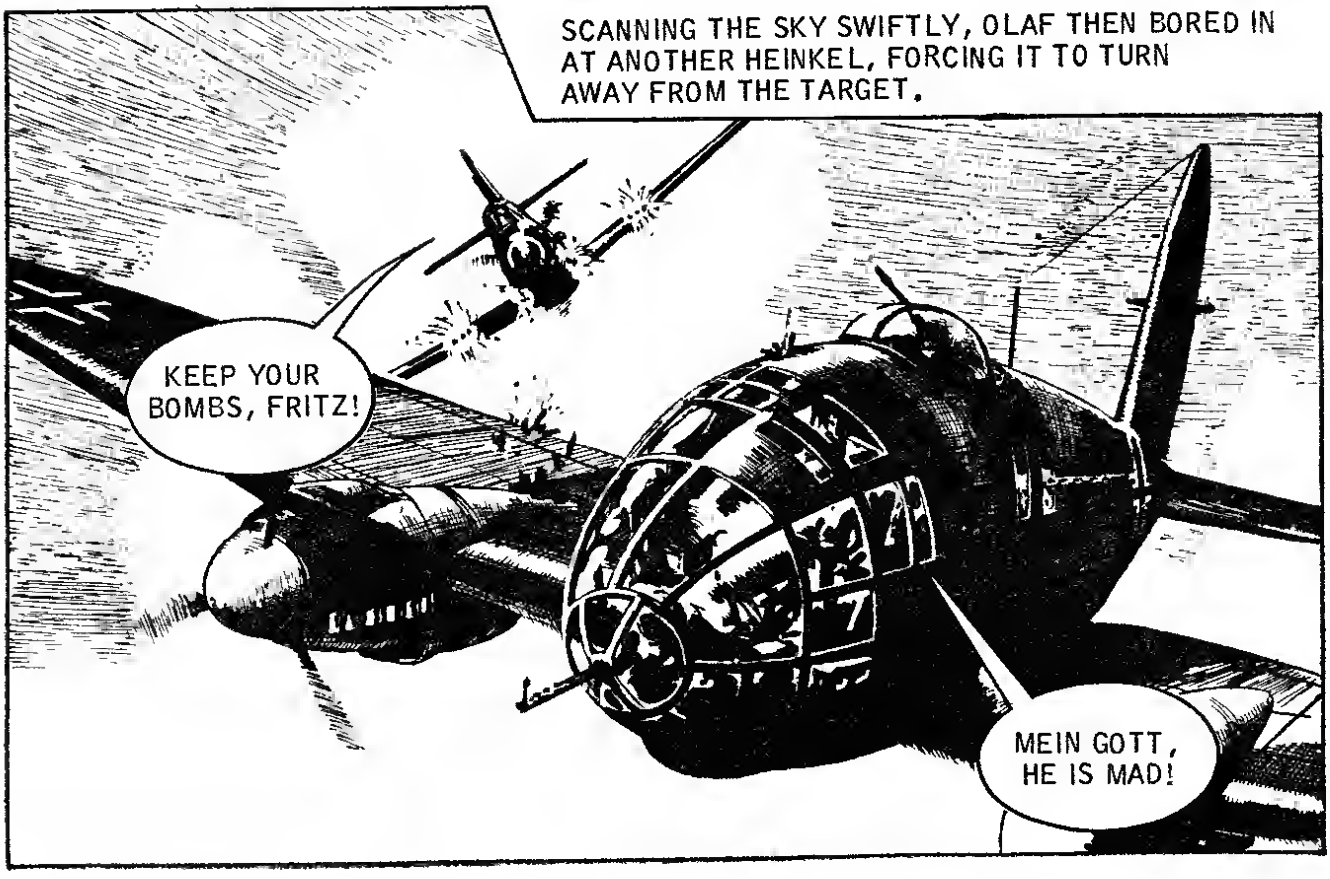

OLAF WAS BAFFLED. HE PRESSED SQUADRON LEADER REGAN FURTHER.
BUT WAS IT MY FAULT – DID I NOT LOOK AFTER JOE WELL ENOUGH?
YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS THE ANSWER TO THAT. IF I WERE YOU, I'D FORGET THE WHOLE THING.

BUT NEXT WEEK TROUBLE CAME THEIR WAY WHEN SOME HEINKELS SNEAKED OVER TO RAID THE AIRFIELD.



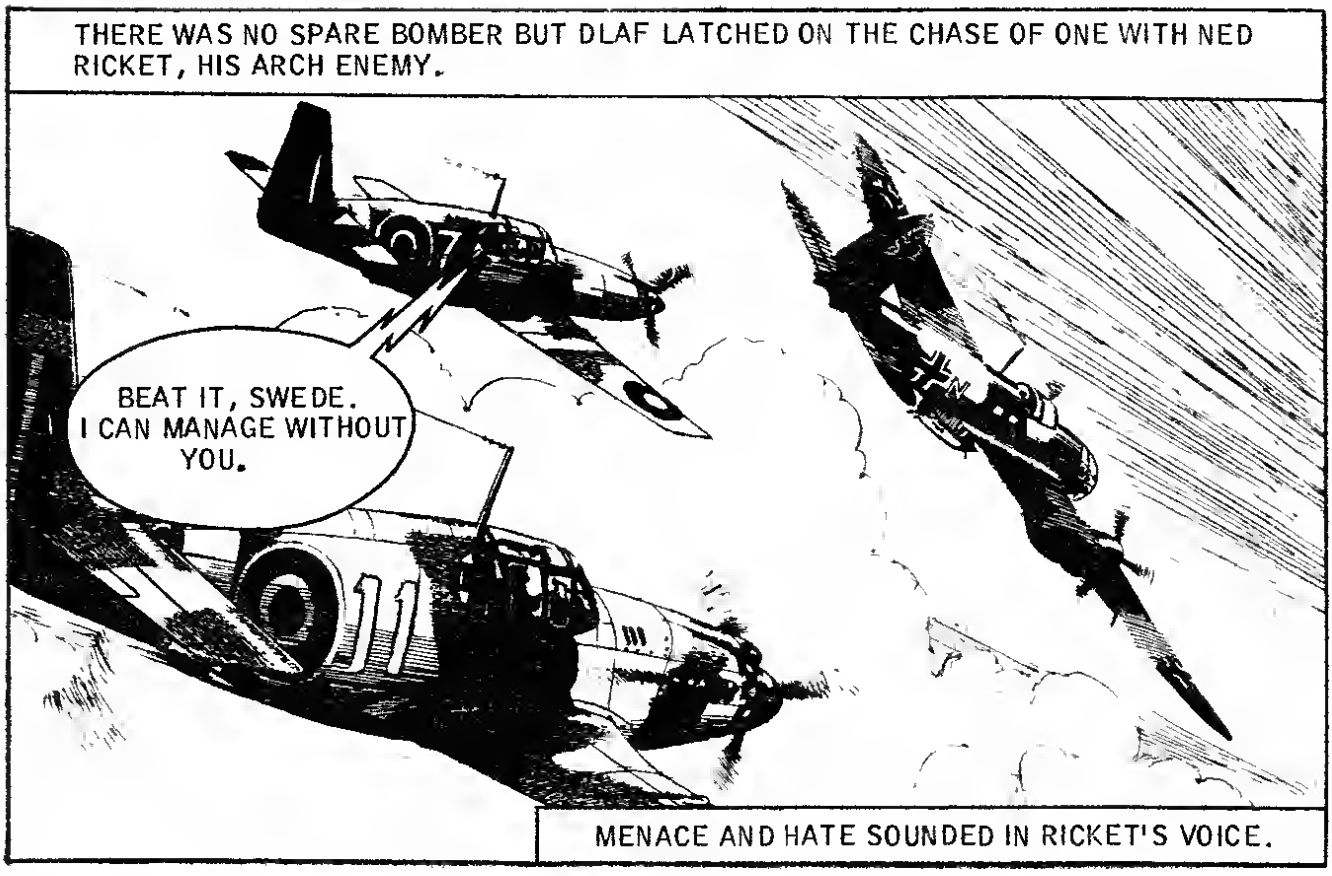
ONE OF THE FIRST PILOTS OFF THE GROUND WAS OLAF, READY TO TAKE HIS SPITE OUT ON THE NAZIS.
NOW I GET REVENGE FOR JOE!
HE FOUND HIMSELF A TARGET IMMEDIATELY.
RIGHT IN THE BREAD-BASKET!

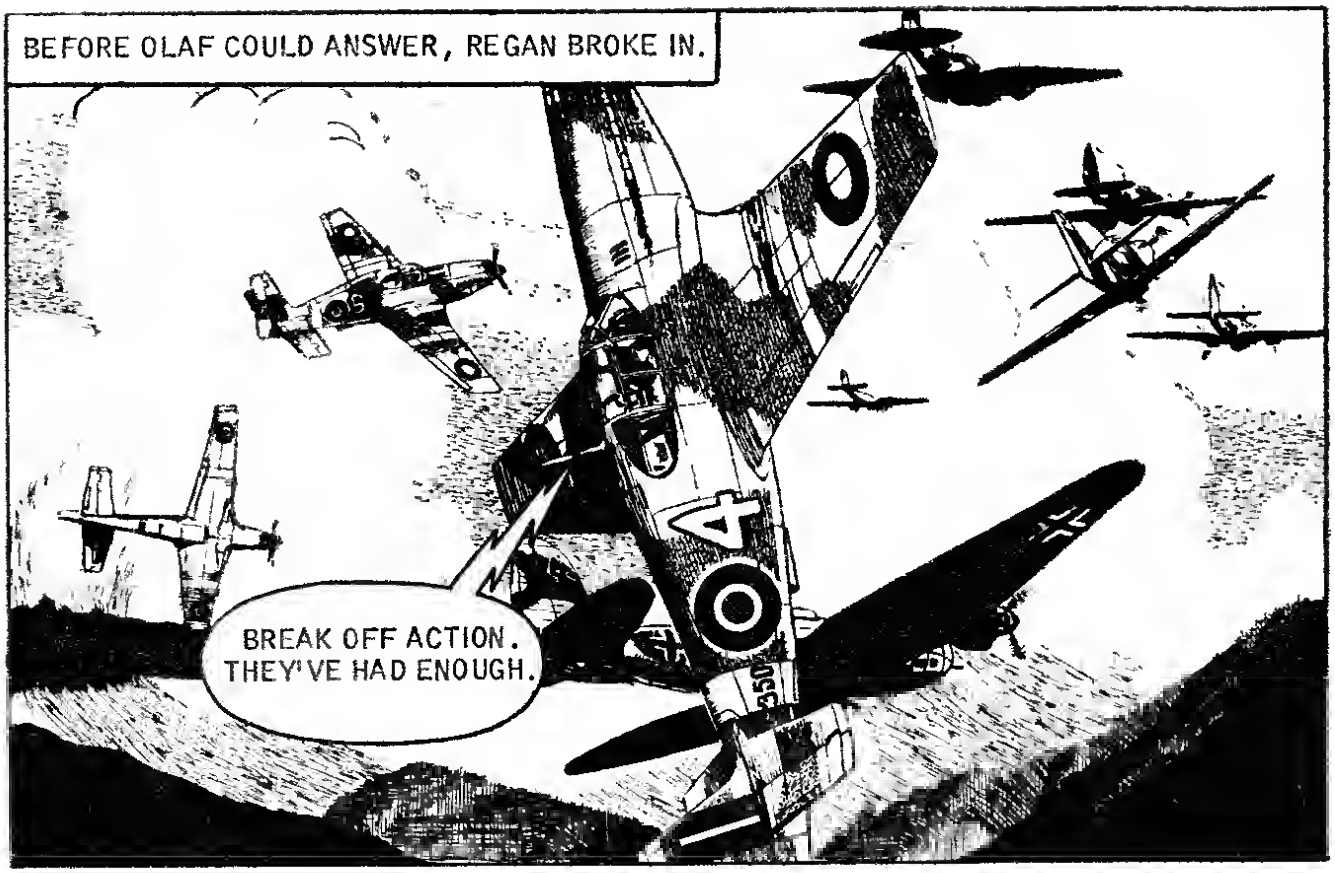

THERE WAS NO ESCAPE FOR THE BOMBER BUT OLAF ALMOST BOUGHT IT TOO.
WOW! TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT.

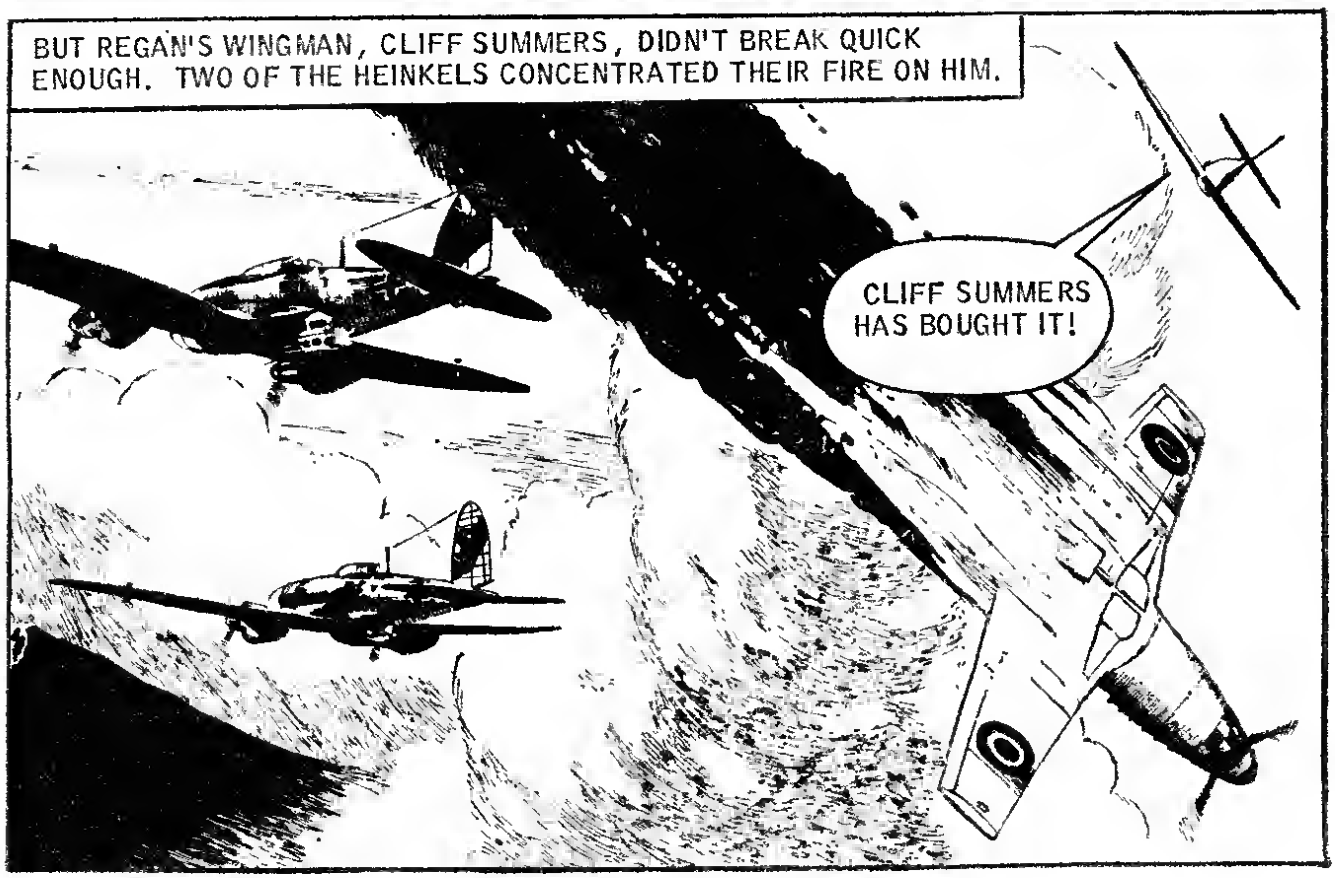

SCANNING THE SKY SWIFTLY, OLAF THEN BORED IN AT ANOTHER HEINKEL, FORCING IT TO TURN AWAY FROM THE TARGET.
KEEP YOUR BOMBS, FRITZ!
MEIN GOTT, HE IS MAD!

HE FIRED A LONG, KILLING BURST, NOTHING BUT HATE IN HIS HEART.
ANOTHER ONE FOR JOE!

THE HEINKEL WAS FINISHED AND OLAF TURNED AWAY TO SEEK FRESH PREY.
NO USE WASTING AMMO ON HIM.


THERE WAS NO SPARE BOMBER BUT OLAF LATCHED ON THE CHASE OF ONE WITH NED RICKET, HIS ARCH ENEMY.
BEAT IT, SWEDE. I CAN MANAGE WITHOUT YOU.
MENACE AND HATE SOUNDED IN RICKET'S VOICE.

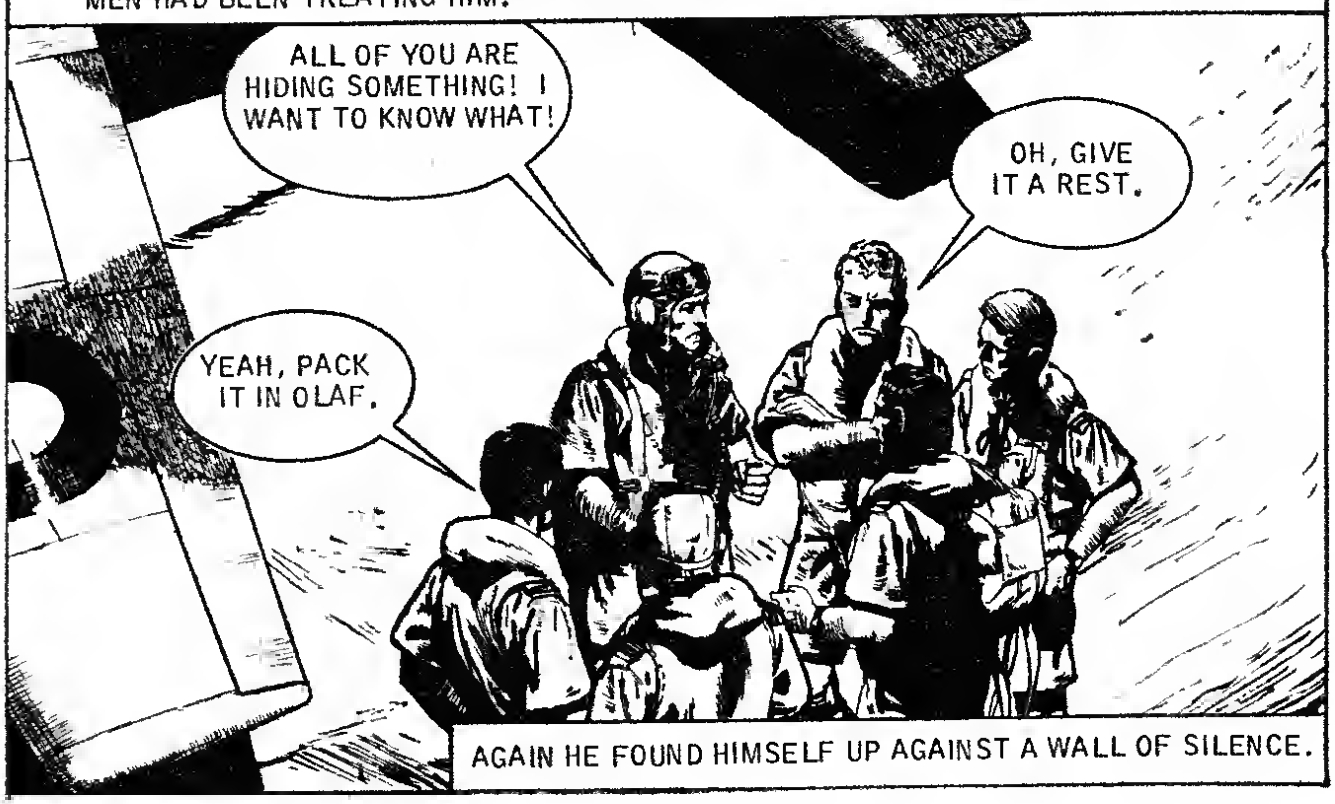

BEFORE OLAF COULD ANSWER, REGAN BROKE IN.
BREAK OFF ACTION. THEY'VE HAD ENOUGH.


BUT REGAN'S WINGMAN, CLIFF SUMMERS, DIDN'T BREAK QUICK ENOUGH. TWO OF THE HEINKELS CONCENTRATED THEIR FIRE ON HIM.
CLIFF SUMMERS HAS BOUGHT IT!

SO THEY LANDED BACK AT BASE, HAVING LOST ONLY ONE AIRCRAFT.
POOR CLIFF. HE WOULDN'T GET OUT OF THAT FLAMER ALIVE.
HE WENT STRAIGHT DOWN, JUST LIKE JOE JENNINGS.

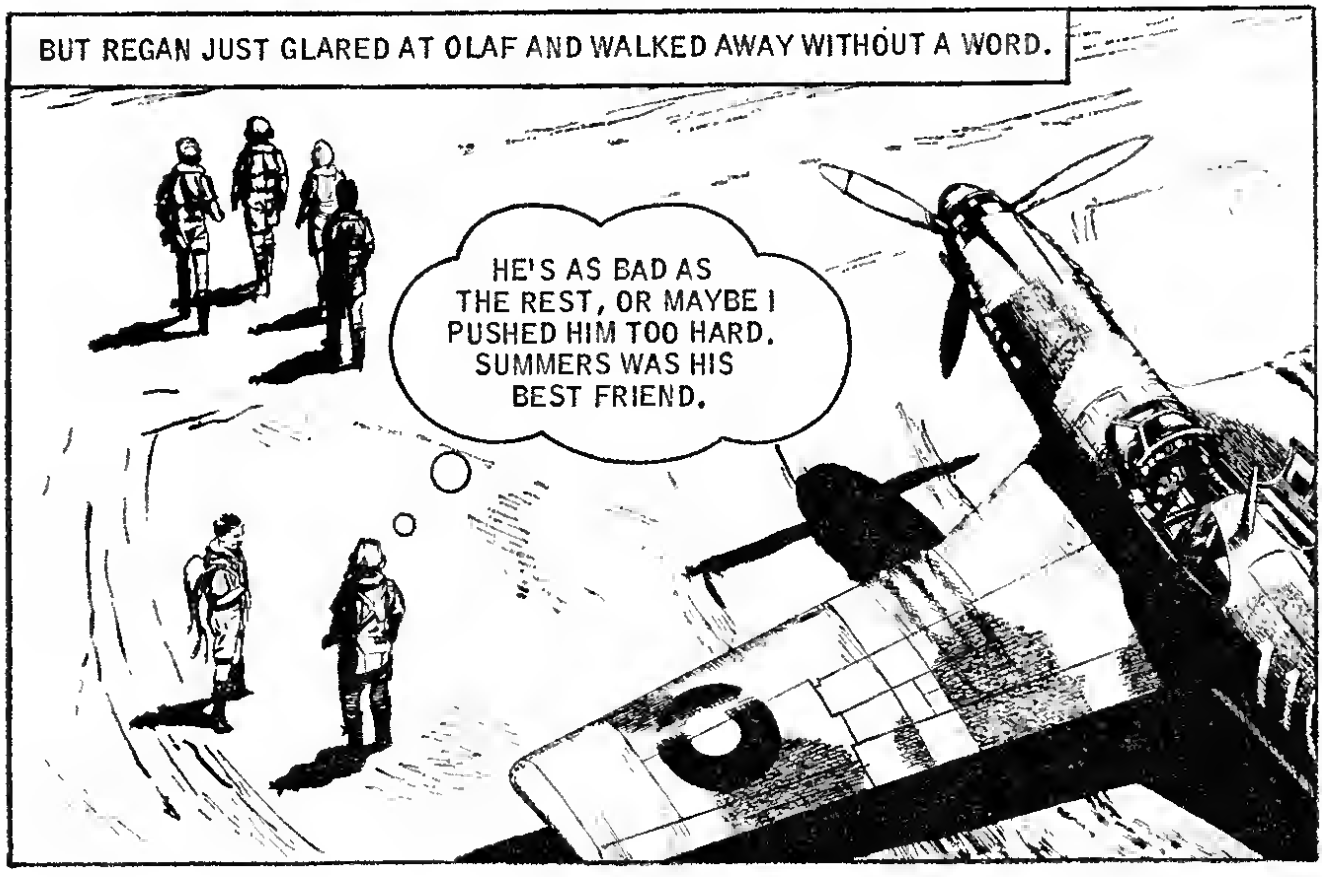
HEARING RICKET'S WORDS, OLAF LEAPT OVER.
RICKET, I THOUGHT NOBODY SAW JOE GET IT?
WELL, WHAT I MEANT WAS...

OLAF WAS OUT FOR AN EXPLANATION OF JOE'S DEATH AND ALSO FOR THE WAY THE MEN HAD BEEN TREATING HIM.

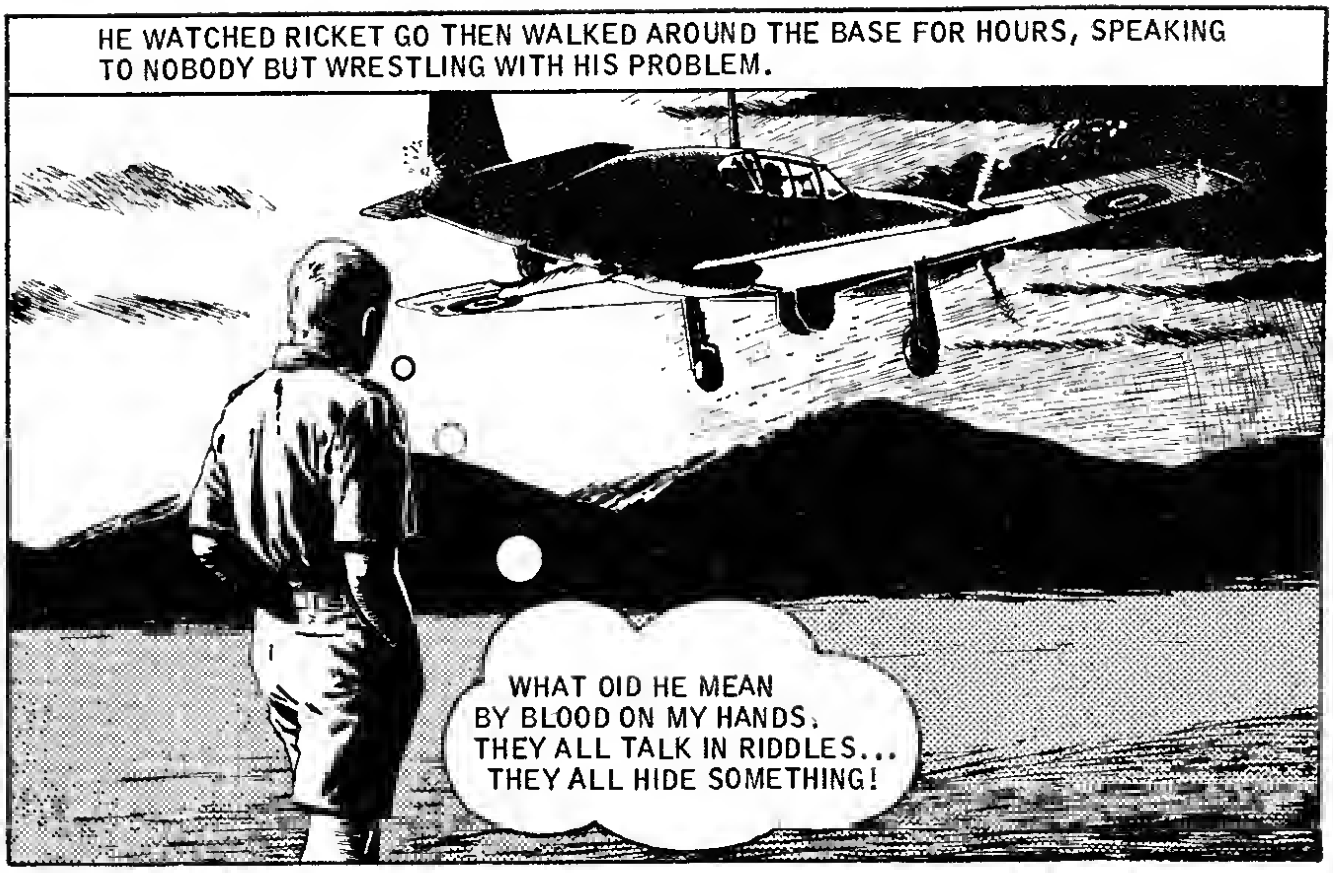


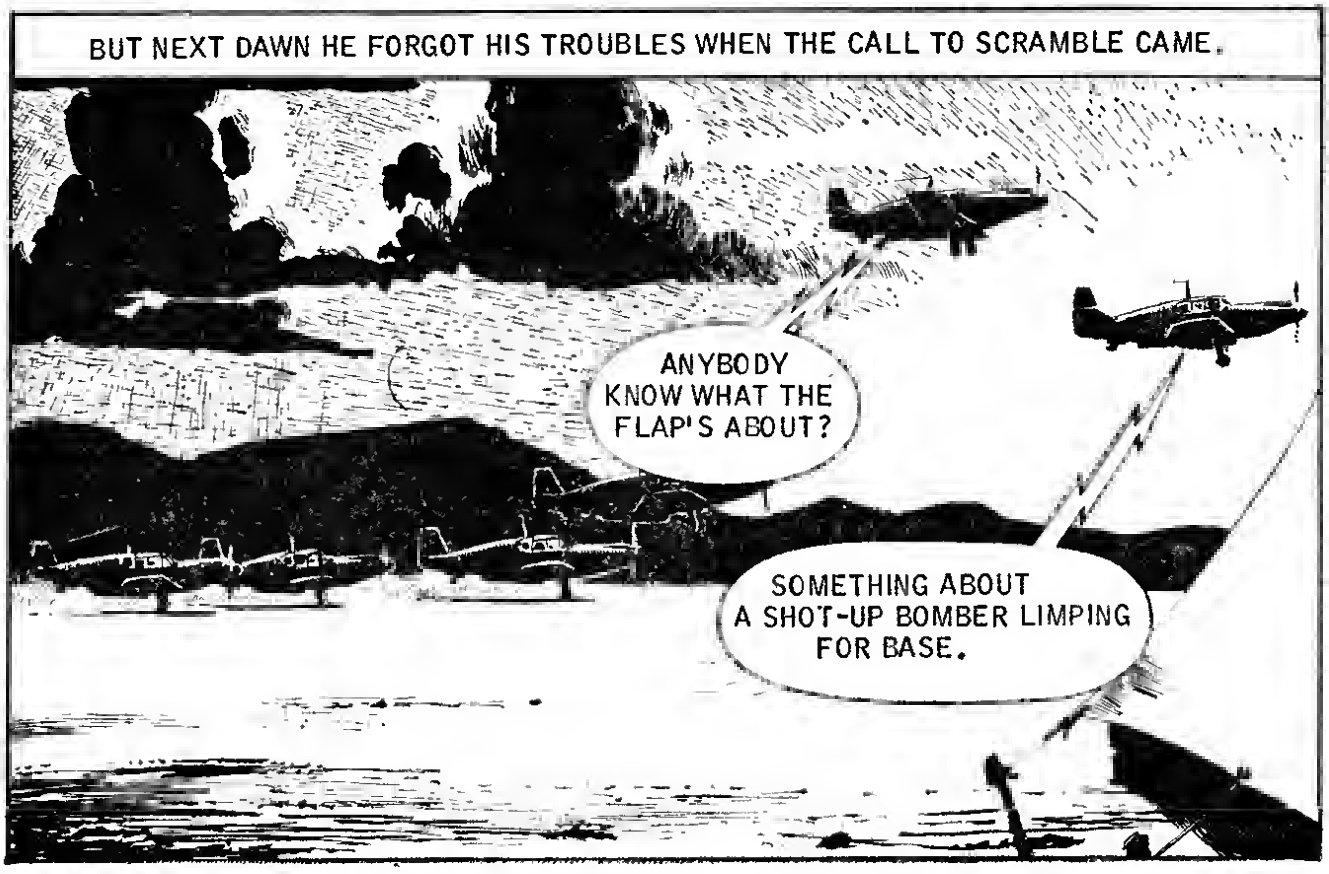
AGAIN HE FOUND HIMSELF UP AGAINST A WALL OF SILENCE.

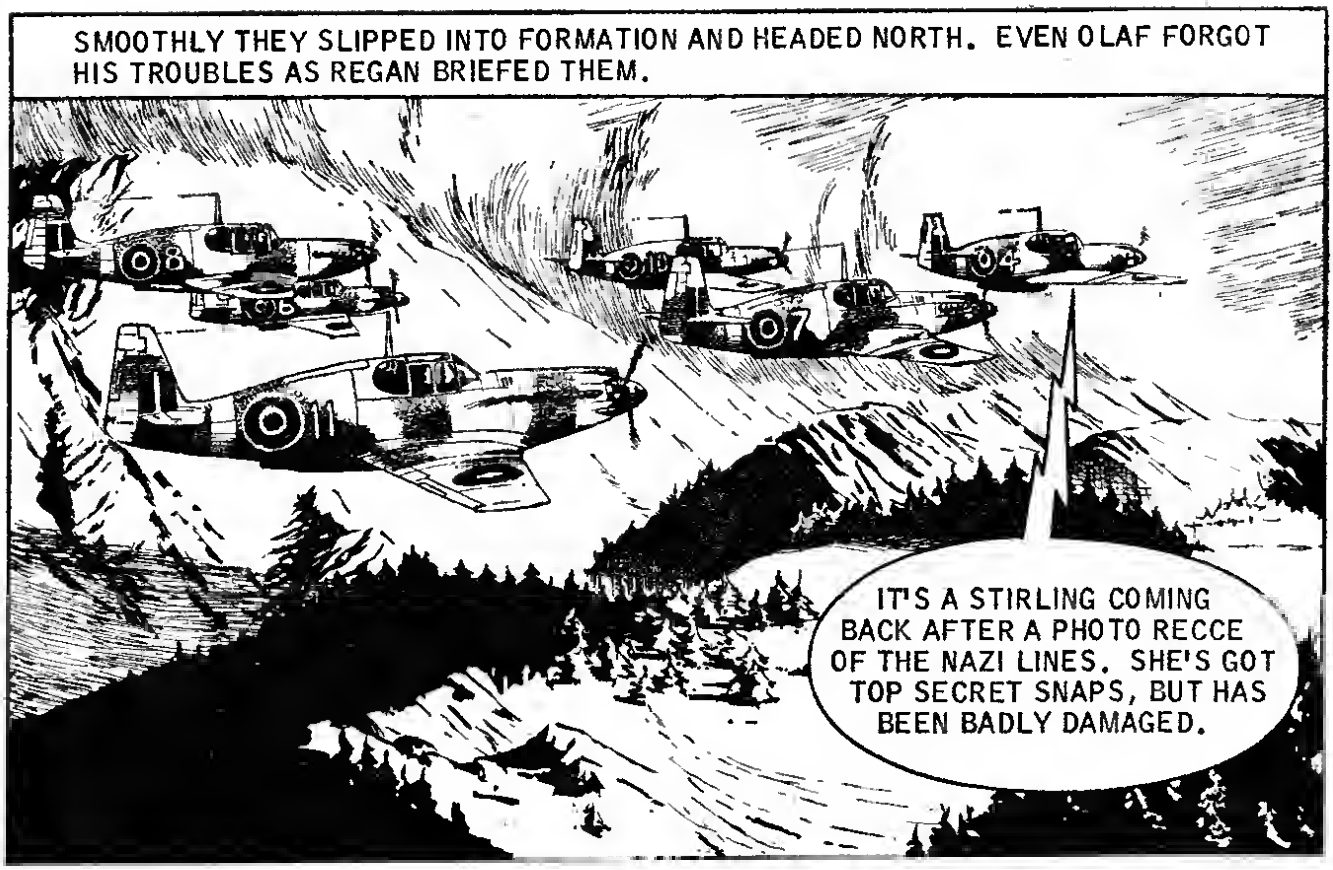
STILL SEETHING, OLAF TURNED IMPETUOUSLY TO REGAN.
I HAVEN'T BEEN ANYBODY'S WINGMAN SINCE JOE WAS LOST. SUMMERS WAS YOUR WING-MAN. I CAN TAKE HIS PLACE AND AT LEAST FIGHT THE NAZIS!


BUT REGAN JUST GLARED AT OLAF AND WALKED AWAY WITHOUT A WORD.
HE'S AS BAD AS THE REST, OR MAYBE I PUSHED HIM TOO HARD. SUMMERS WAS HIS BEST FRIEND.

RICKET STAYED. HE COULDN'T RESIST A DIG AT THE MAN HE HATED.
NOBODY WANTS YOU. NO WONDER, AFTER WHAT YOU DID LAST TIME!
WHAT TIME - WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
OLAF LEAPT FORWARD IN A FURY.
I'LL SMASH YOU TO PULP UNLESS YOU EXPLAIN!
RICKET'S NEXT WORDS STRUCK TO OLAF'S VERY CORE.
TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME. THEY'VE GOT BLOOD ON THEM!


HE WATCHED RICKET GO THEN WALKED AROUND THE BASE FOR HOURS, SPEAKING TO NOBODY BUT WRESTLING WITH HIS PROBLEM.
WHAT DID HE MEAN BY BLOOD ON MY HANDS. THEY ALL TALK IN RIDDLES... THEY ALL HIDE SOMETHING!

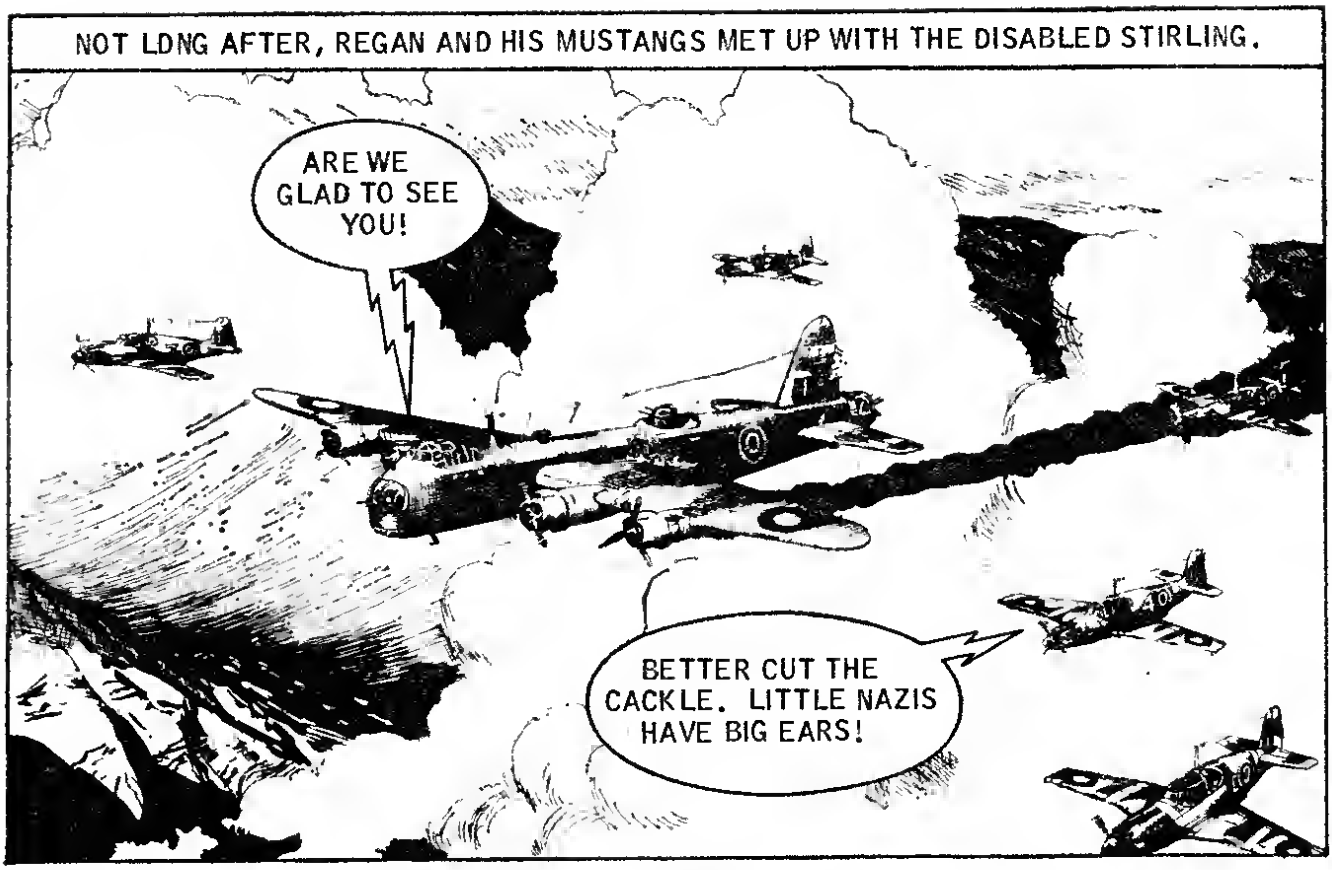

BUT NEXT DAWN HE FORGOT HIS TROUBLES WHEN THE CALL TO SCRAMBLE CAME.
ANYBODY KNOW WHAT THE FLAP'S ABOUT?
SOMETHING ABOUT A SHOT-UP BOMBER LIMPING FOR BASE.

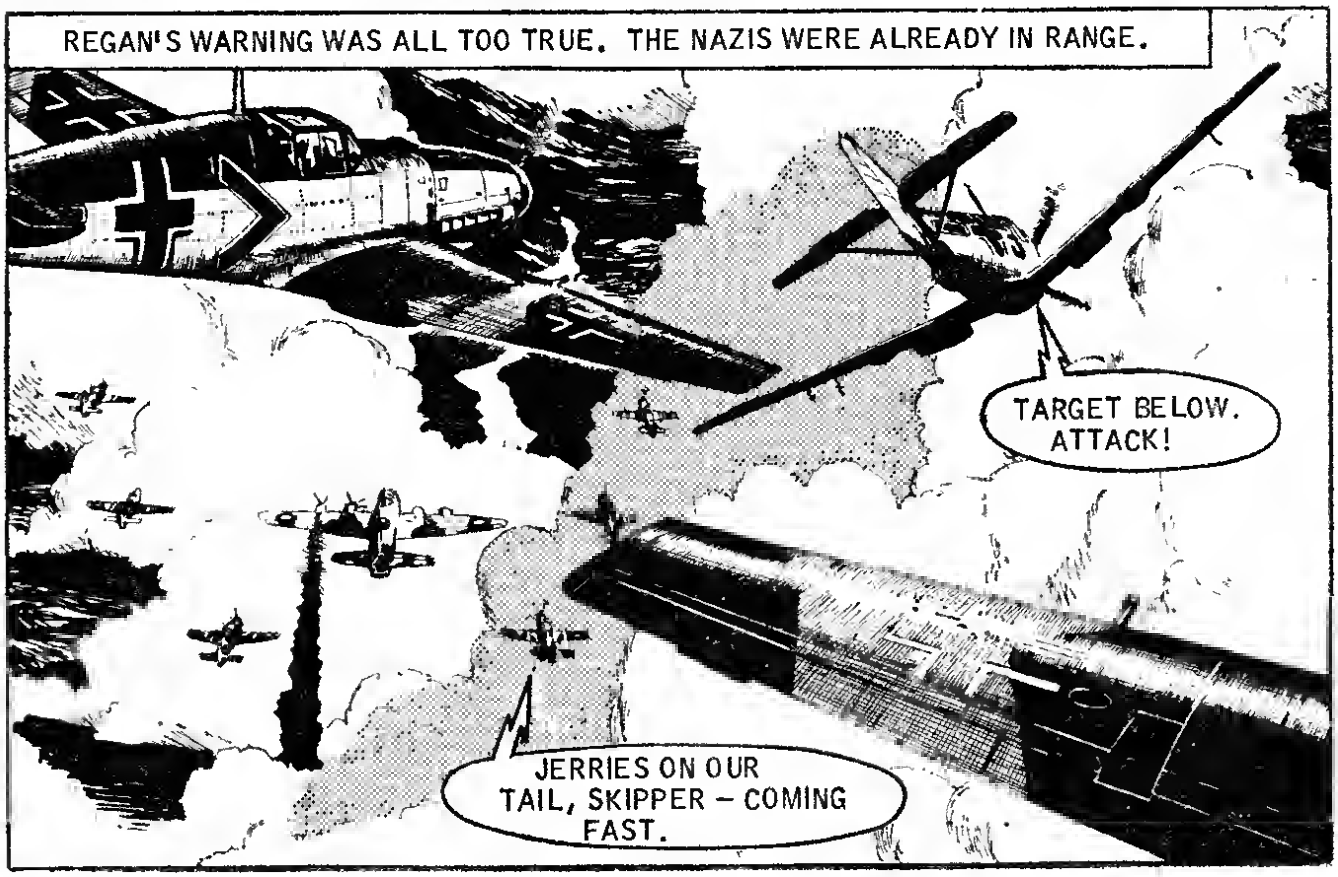

SMOOTHLY THEY SLIPPED INTO FORMATION AND HEADED NORTH. EVEN OLAF FORGOT HIS TROUBLES AS REGAN BRIEFED THEM.
IT'S A STIRLING COMING BACK AFTER A PHOTO RECCE OF THE NAZI LINES. SHE'S GOT TOP SECRET SNAPS, BUT HAS BEEN BADLY DAMAGED.

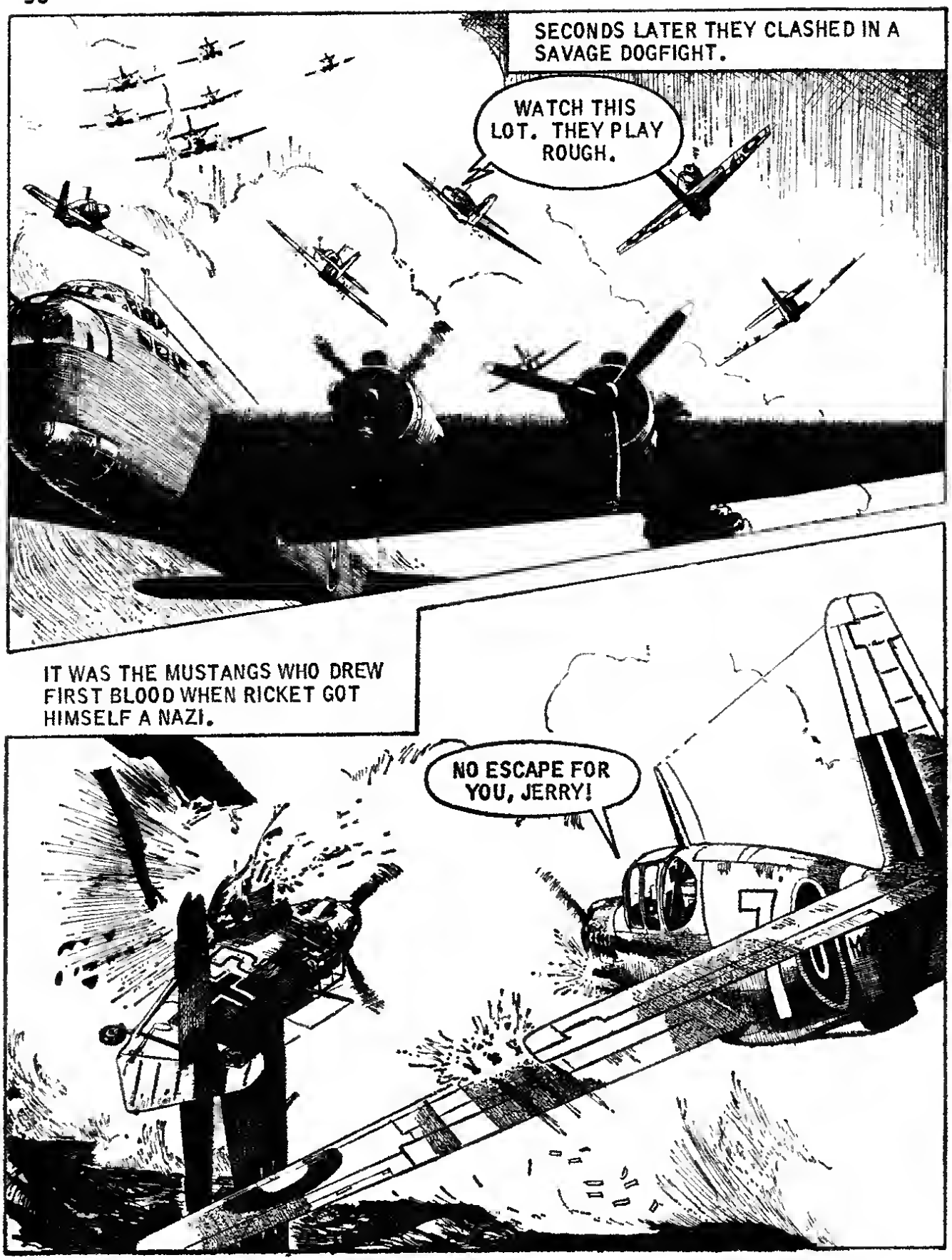
AND THE STIRLING WAS REALLY IN A VERY BAD WAY.
HOW FAR TO BASE, NAV?
ANOTHER TWENTY MINUTES. WE CAN MAKE IT.

BUT MORE TROUBLE WAS BREWING. MESSERSCHMITTS WERE ALREADY ON THEIR WAY AFTER THE BOMBER.
THEY HAVE ORDERS TO STOP THE BRITISH BOMBER - AT ANY COST!
I HOPE FOR ALL OUR SAKES THEY SUCCEED!

THE SLEEK NAZI KILLER AIRCRAFT WERE WASTING NO TIME.
SCHNELL, LINMANN - CATCH UP. WE HAVE NOT ALL DAY!

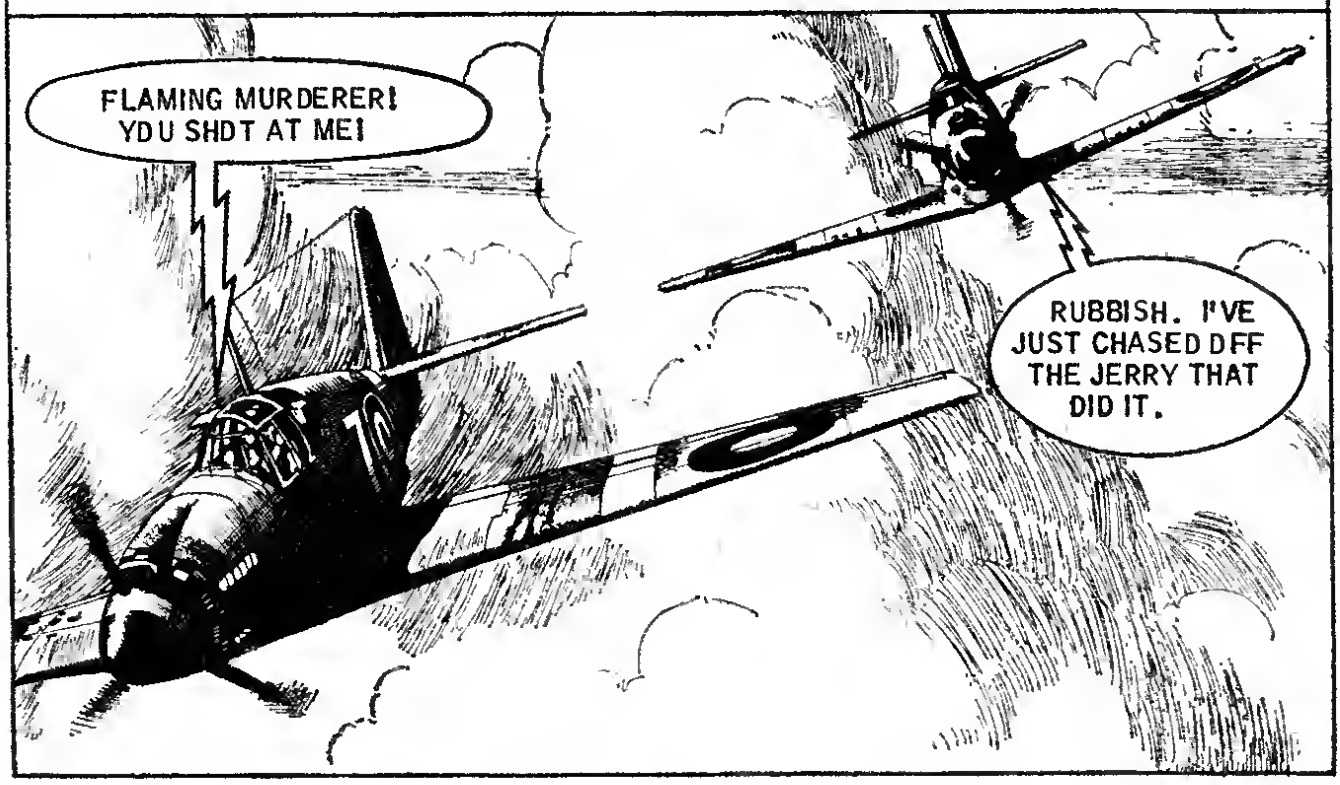

NOT LONG AFTER, REGAN AND HIS MUSTANGS MET UP WITH THE DISABLED STIRLING.
ARE WE GLAD TO SEE YOU!
BETTER CUT THE CACKLE. LITTLE NAZIS HAVE BIG EARS!


REGAN'S WARNING WAS ALL TOO TRUE. THE NAZIS WERE ALREADY IN RANGE.
TARGET BELOW. ATTACK!
JERRIES ON OUR TAIL, SKIPPER – COMING FAST.

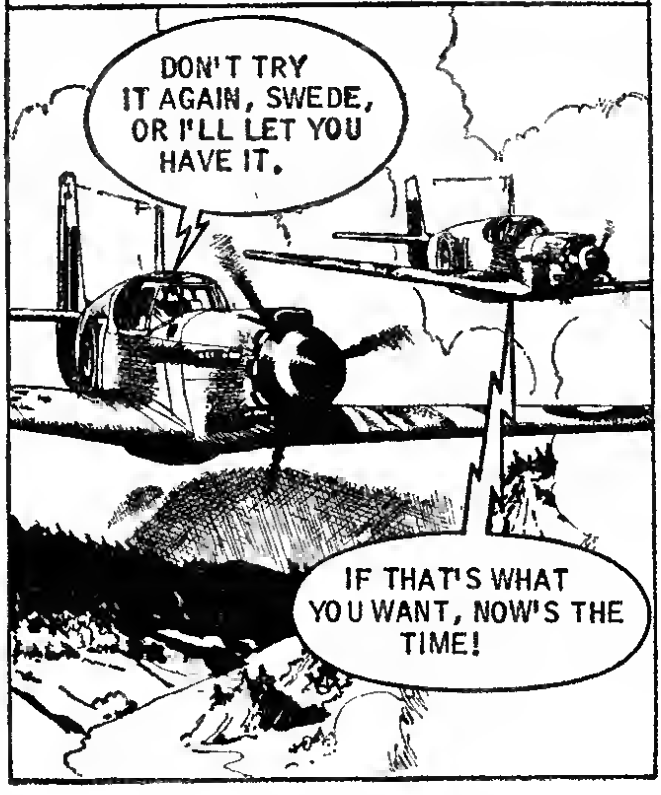

SECONDS LATER THEY CLASHED IN A SAVAGE DOGFIGHT.
WATCH THIS LOT. THEY PLAY ROUGH.
IT WAS THE MUSTANGS WHO DREW FIRST BLOOD WHEN RICKET GOT HIMSELF A NAZI.
NO ESCAPE FOR YOU, JERRY!

RICKET'S GLEE TURNED TO FEAR AS BULLETS THUDDED INTO HIS AIRCRAFT FROM BEHIND.
YE GODS, THEY'RE ON MY TAIL.
BUT THE NAZI ON RICKET'S TAIL DIDN'T STAY THERE LONG. OLAF DIVED IN, GUNS BLAZING AND SCARING OFF THE GERMAN.
EVEN RICKET DESERVES A BETTER FATE THAN THIS.

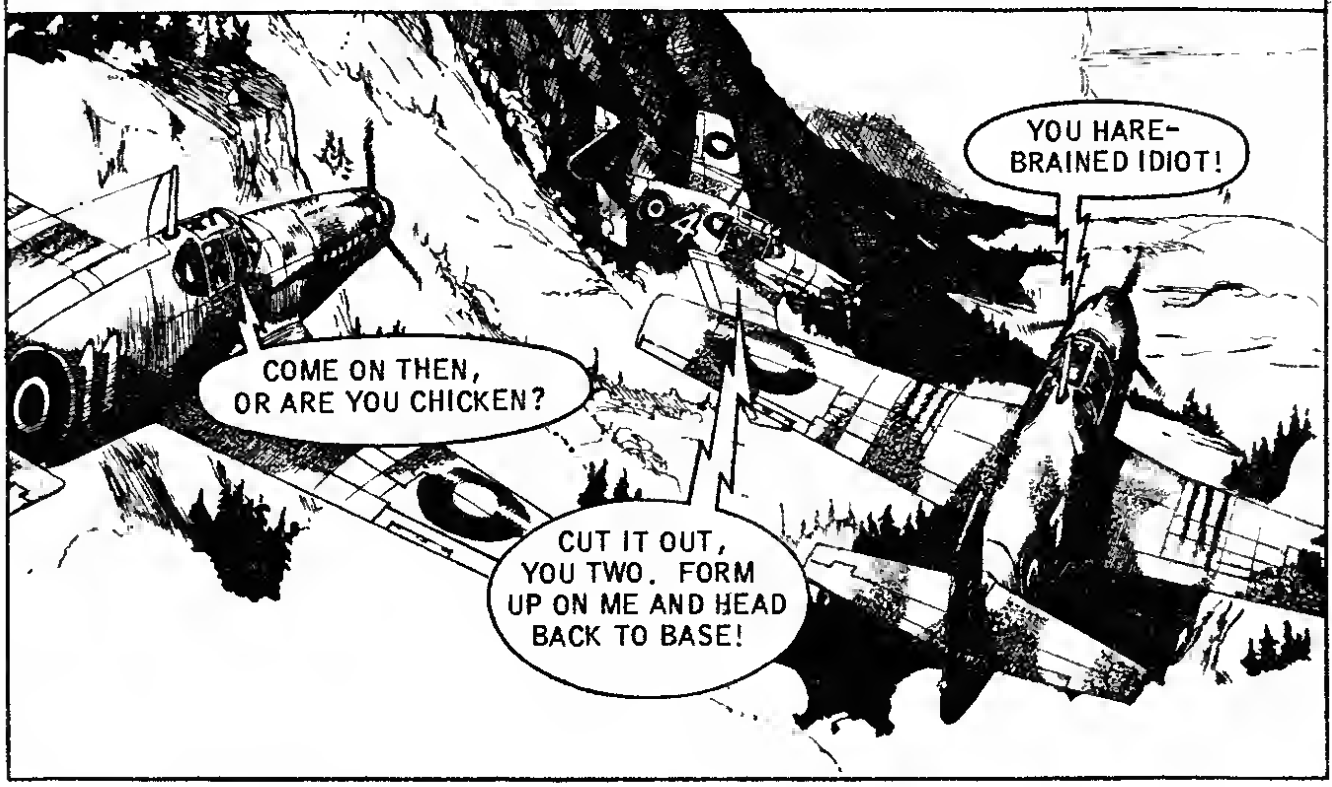
BY THE TIME RICKET TWISTED ROUND, THE NAZI WAS GONE BUT OLAF WAS CLOSE ON HIS TAIL. THE JITTERY RICKET JUMPED TO THE WRONG CONCLUSION.



OLAF WAS NOW NEARLY AS MAD AS RICKET.



BY NOW THE NAZIS HAD FLED, LEAVING OLAF AND RICKET WITH NO ONE TO FIGHT BUT EACH OTHER. AND THEY MIGHT EVEN HAVE DONE THAT, BUT FOR REGAN'S INTERVENTION.

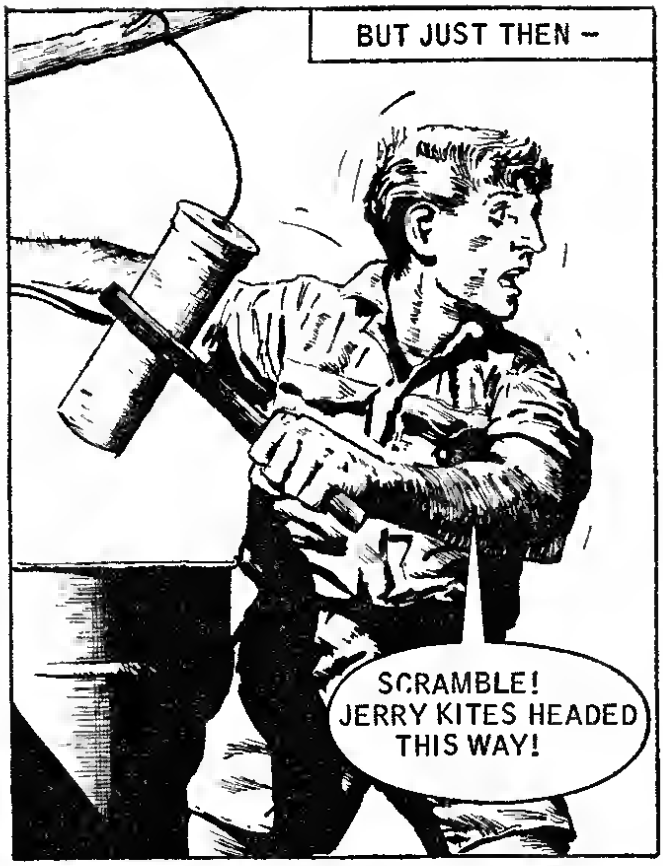


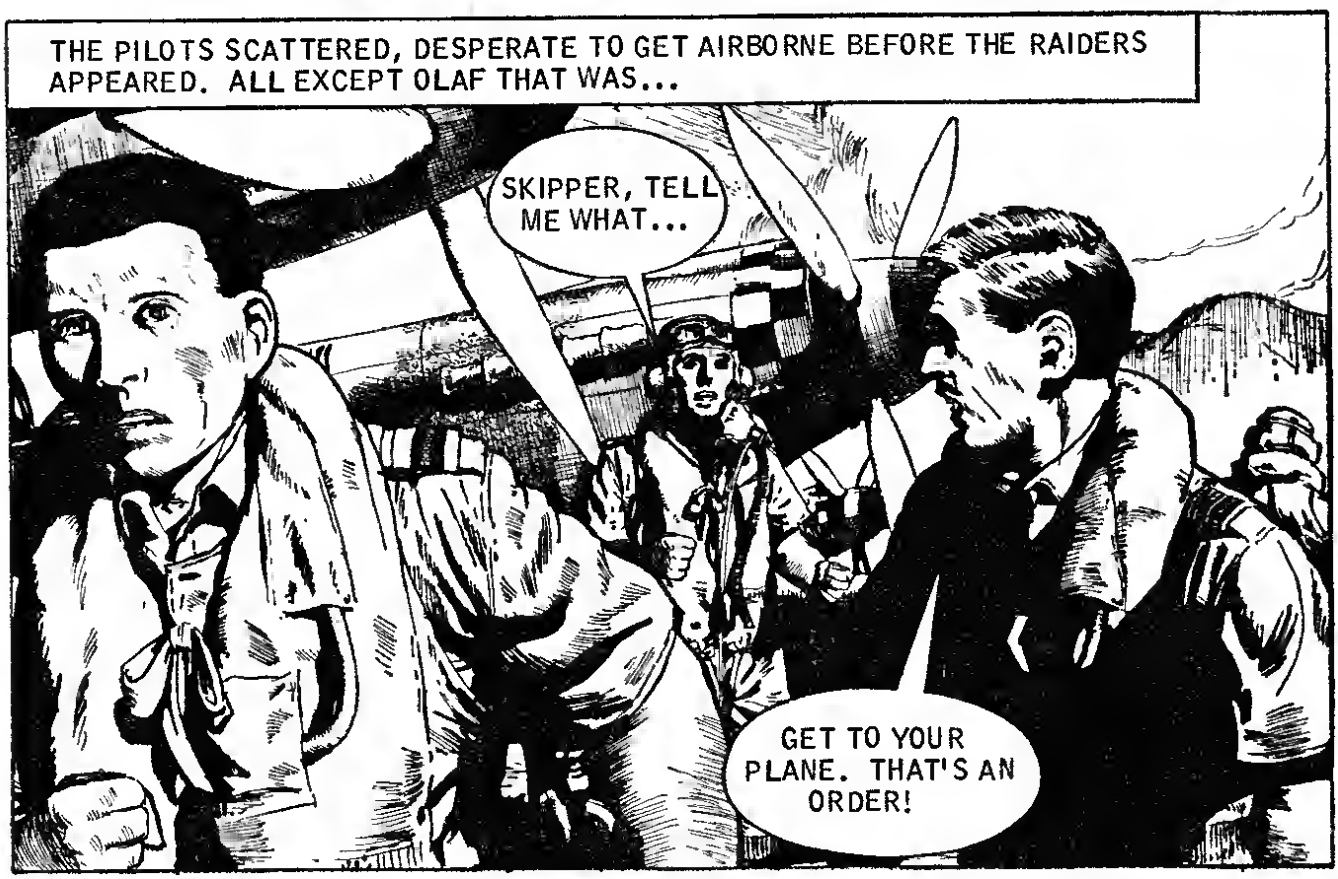
BUT AS SOON AS THEY LANDED –

ONCE AGAIN REGAN KEPT THE PAIR APART, BUT THEN RICKET SPAT OUT THE TERRIBLE WORDS THAT REDUCED EVERYONE TO SILENCE.

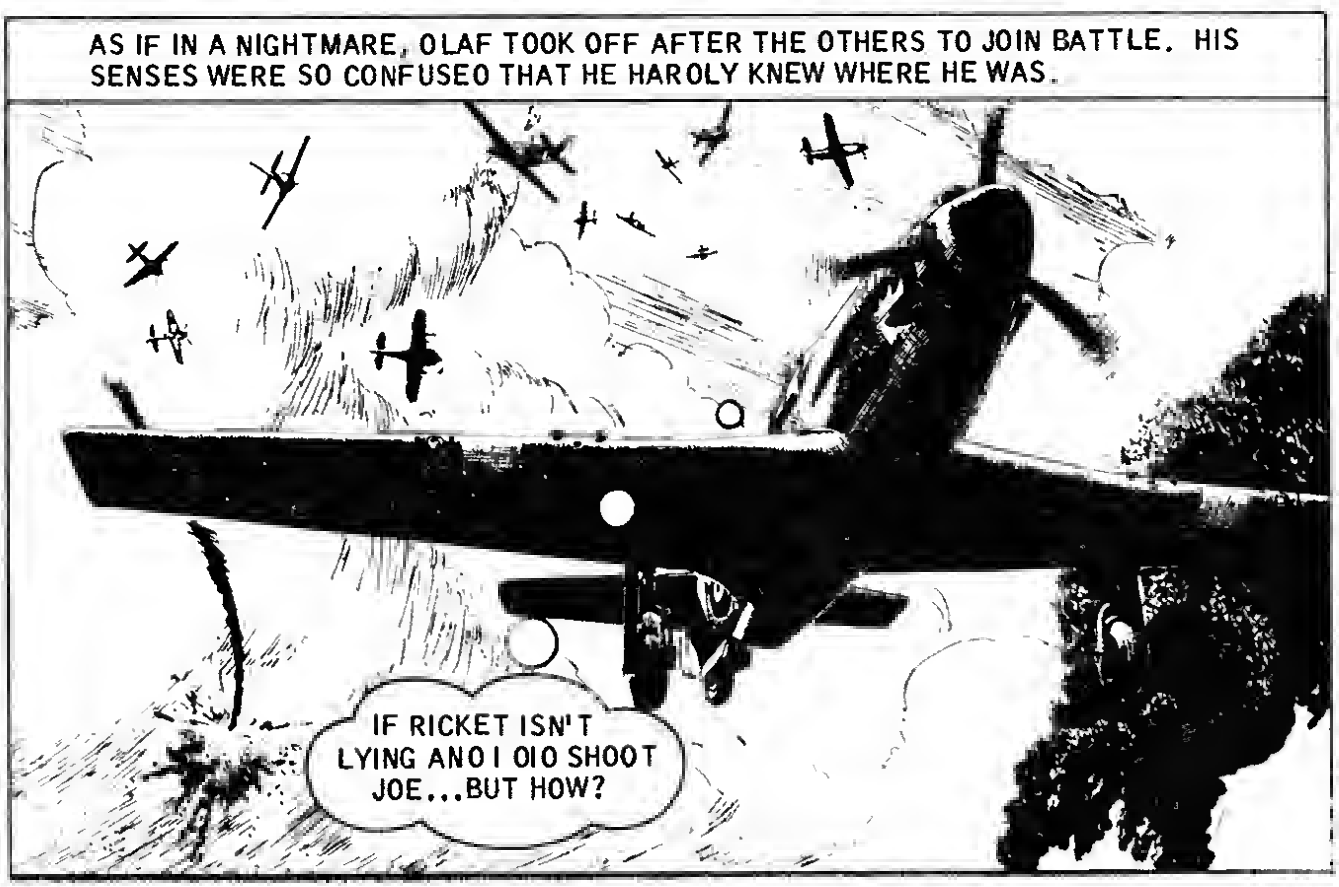
OLAF COULD NOT BELIEVE THE PREPOSTEROUS STATEMENT.

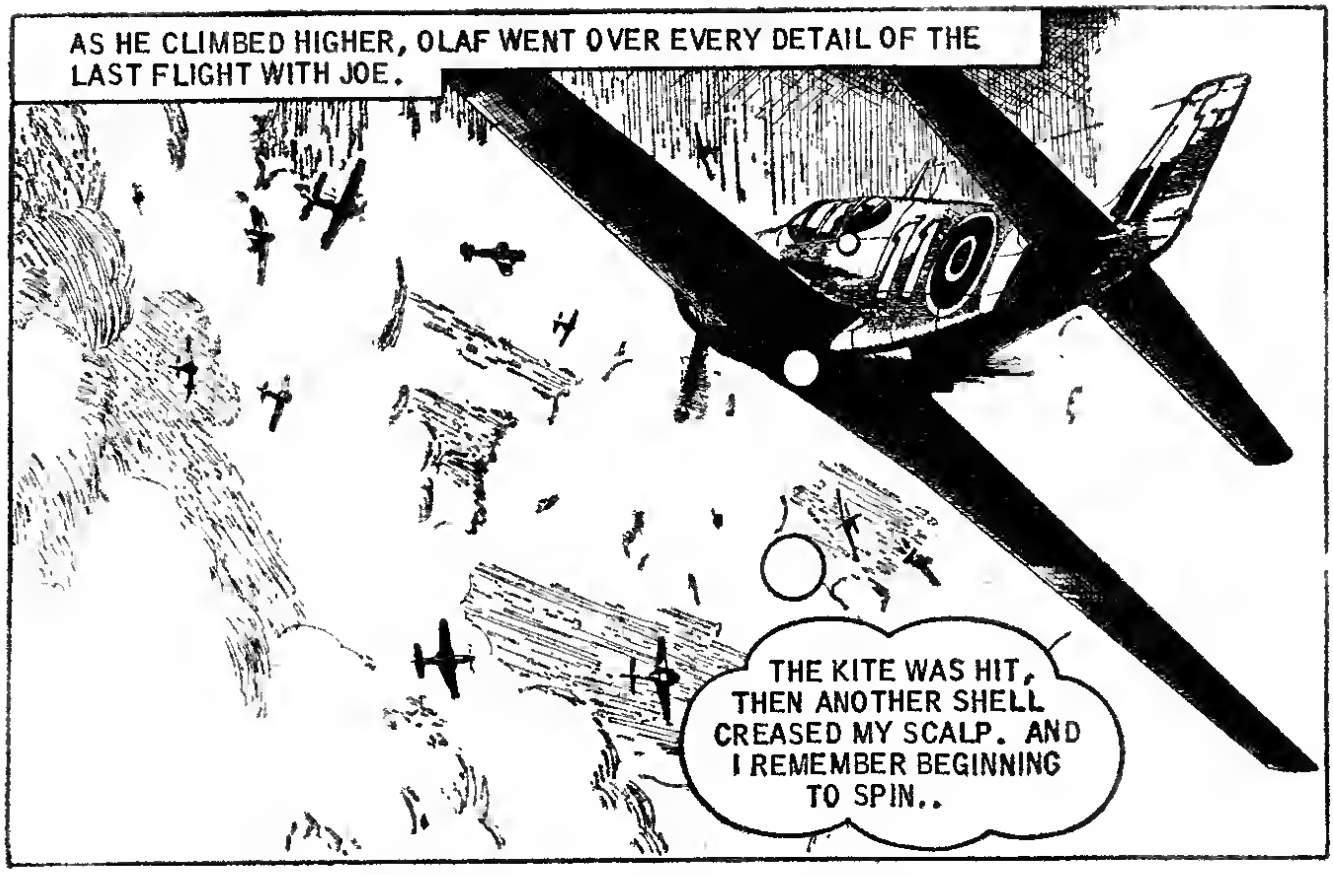
HE TURNED TO REGAN –
WHAT DOES HE MEAN? SOMEBODY TELL ME!

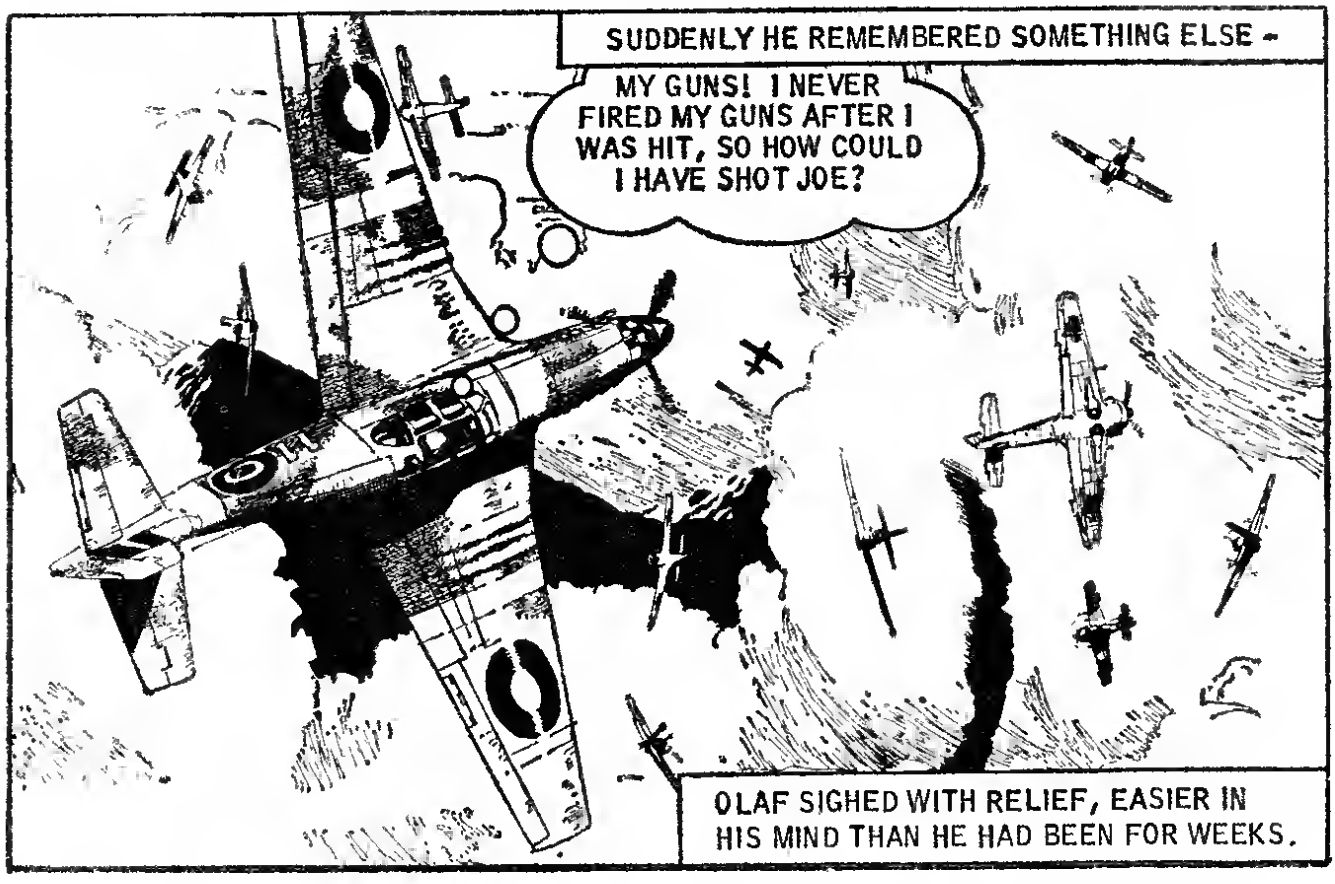

BUT JUST THEN –
SCRAMBLE! JERRY KITES HEADED THIS WAY!


THE PILOTS SCATTERED, DESPERATE TO GET AIRBORNE BEFORE THE RAIDERS APPEARED. ALL EXCEPT OLAF THAT WAS...
SKIPPER, TELL ME WHAT...
GET TO YOUR PLANE. THAT'S AN ORDER!

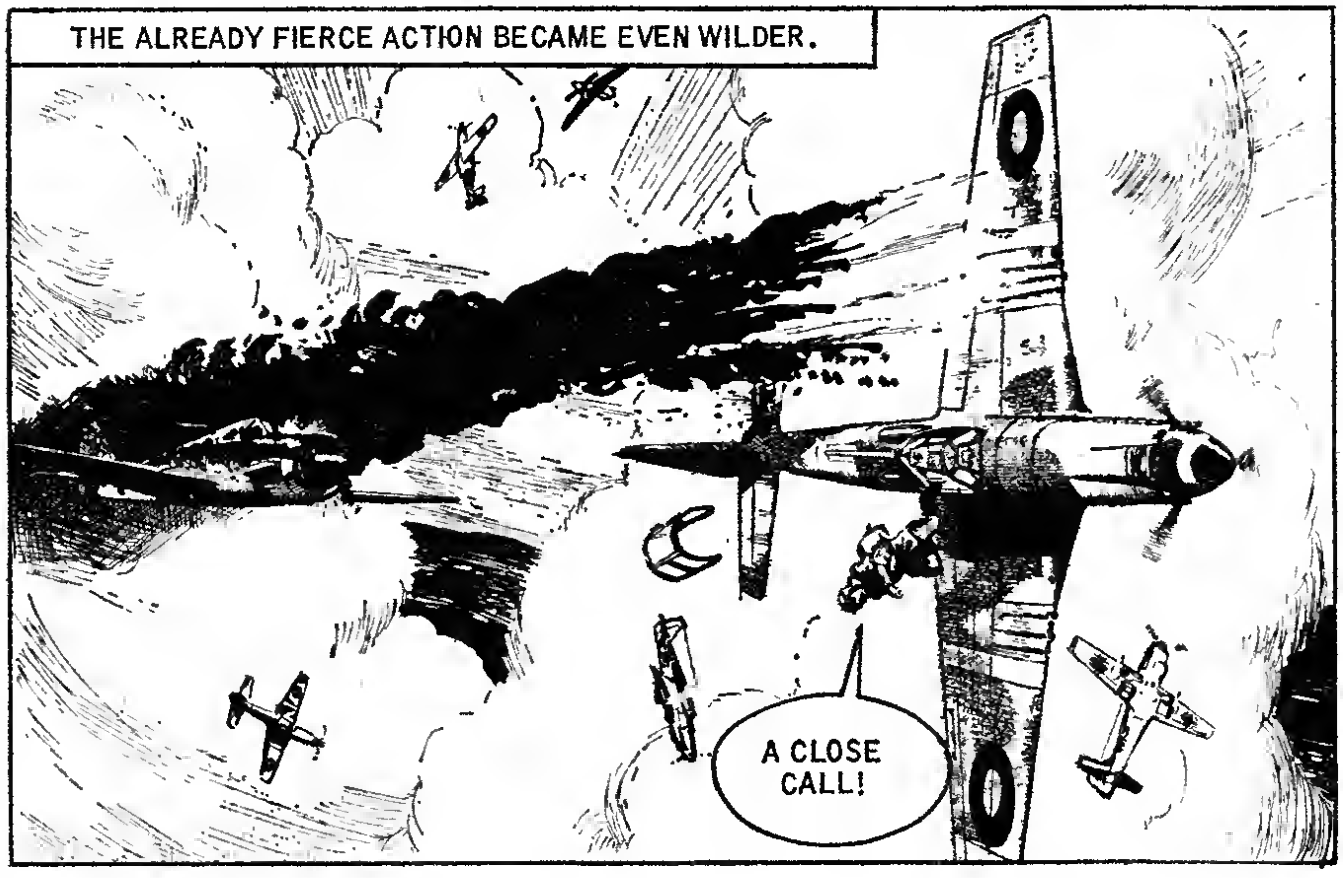
THE SNEAK RAID CAUGHT THE BRITISH ON THE HOP. SOME OF THEM NEVER EVEN GOT OFF THE GROUND.
OUR TURN TO GLOAT, ENGLANDER!
AAGH!


AS IF IN A NIGHTMARE, OLAF TOOK OFF AFTER THE OTHERS TO JOIN BATTLE. HIS SENSES WERE SO CONFUSED THAT HE HARDLY KNEW WHERE HE WAS.
IF RICKET ISN'T LYING AND I DID SHOOT JOE...BUT HOW?


AS HE CLIMBED HIGHER, OLAF WENT OVER EVERY DETAIL OF THE LAST FLIGHT WITH JOE.
THE KITE WAS HIT, THEN ANOTHER SHELL CREASED MY SCALP. AND I REMEMBER BEGINNING TO SPIN..


SUDDENLY HE REMEMBERED SOMETHING ELSE -
MY GUNS! I NEVER FIRED MY GUNS AFTER I WAS HIT, SO HOW COULD I HAVE SHOT JOE?
OLAF SIGHED WITH RELIEF, EASIER IN HIS MIND THAN HE HAD BEEN FOR WEEKS.

OLAF'S HEAD CLEARED JUST IN TIME. MORE NAZI AIRCRAFT APPEARED TO JOIN THE FRAY.
HECK, LOOK AHEAD. MORE OF THE BLIGHTERS!


THE ALREADY FIERCE ACTION BECAME EVEN WILDER.
A CLOSE CALL!

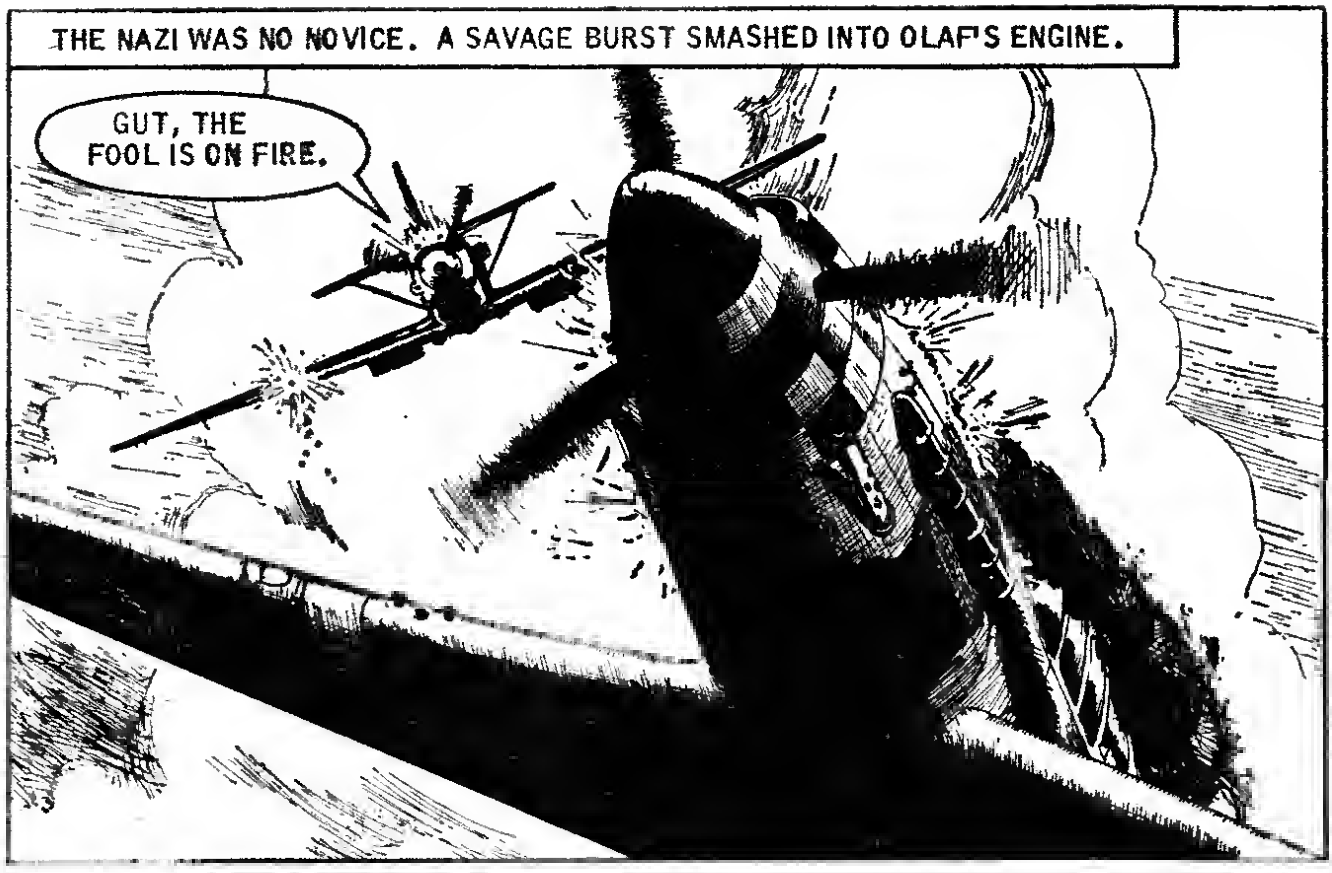
IT SEEMED AS IF THE WHOLE SKY WAS FULL OF TWISTING, SNARLING AIRCRAFT.
KEEP AT THEM, LADS!
OLAF FOUND HIMSELF FIGHTING LIKE A MACHINE, CALMLY AND QUIETLY. HE FELT ALONE IN THAT WILD SKIRMISH.
ANOTHER FOR JOE.

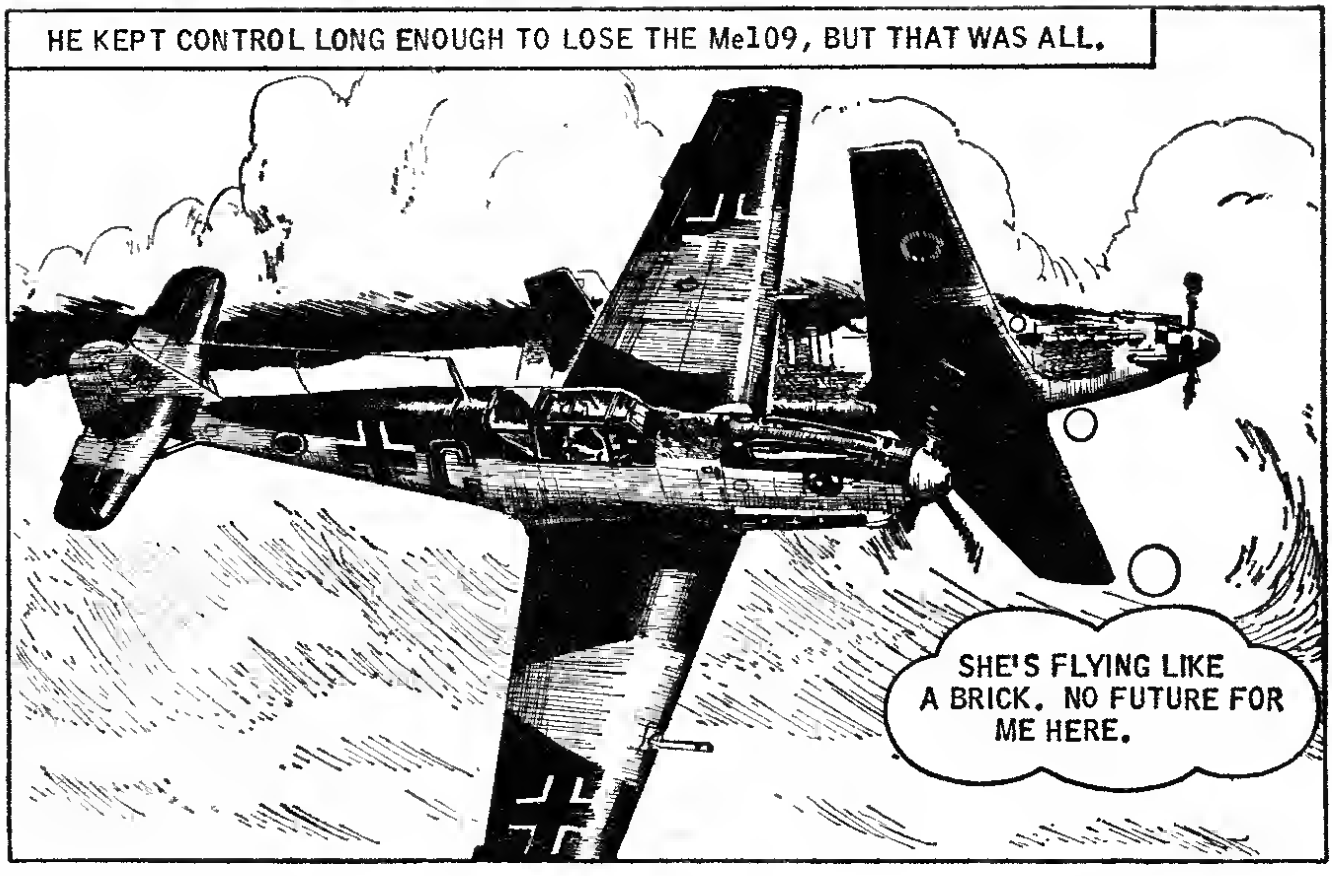
AND ALL THE TIME, OLAF WAS THINKING OF THE HAPPY DAYS WITH JOE.

IT DOESN'T SEEM THE SAME...NOT FOLLOWING JOE AROUND THE SKY.

TDD LATE HE REALISED A JERRY HAD SNEAKED IN TO ATTACK.

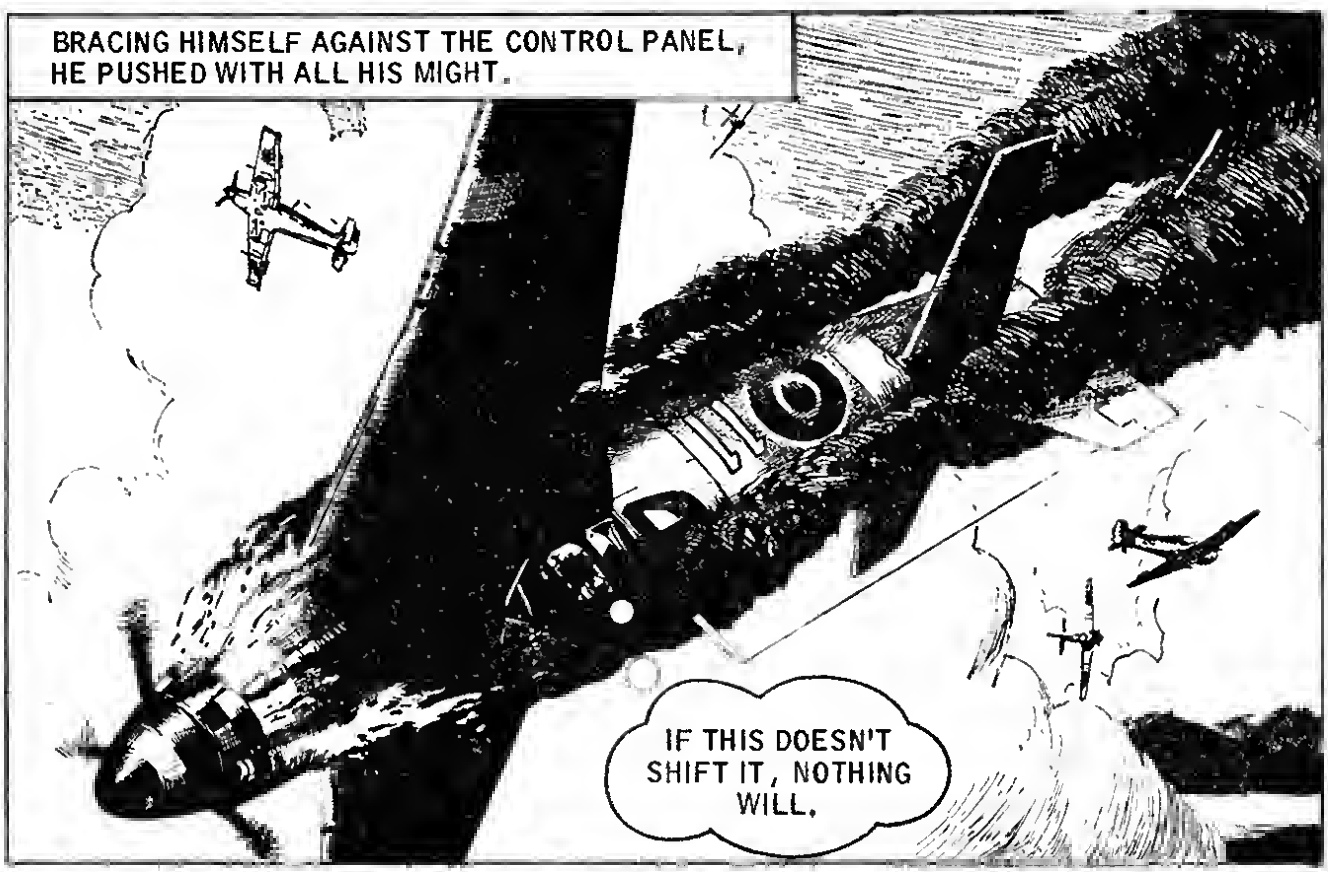
BLUE BLAZES, I'VE BEEN DAY-DREAMING!


THE NAZI WAS NO NOVICE. A SAVAGE BURST SMASHED INTO OLAF'S ENGINE.
GUT, THE FOOL IS ON FIRE.

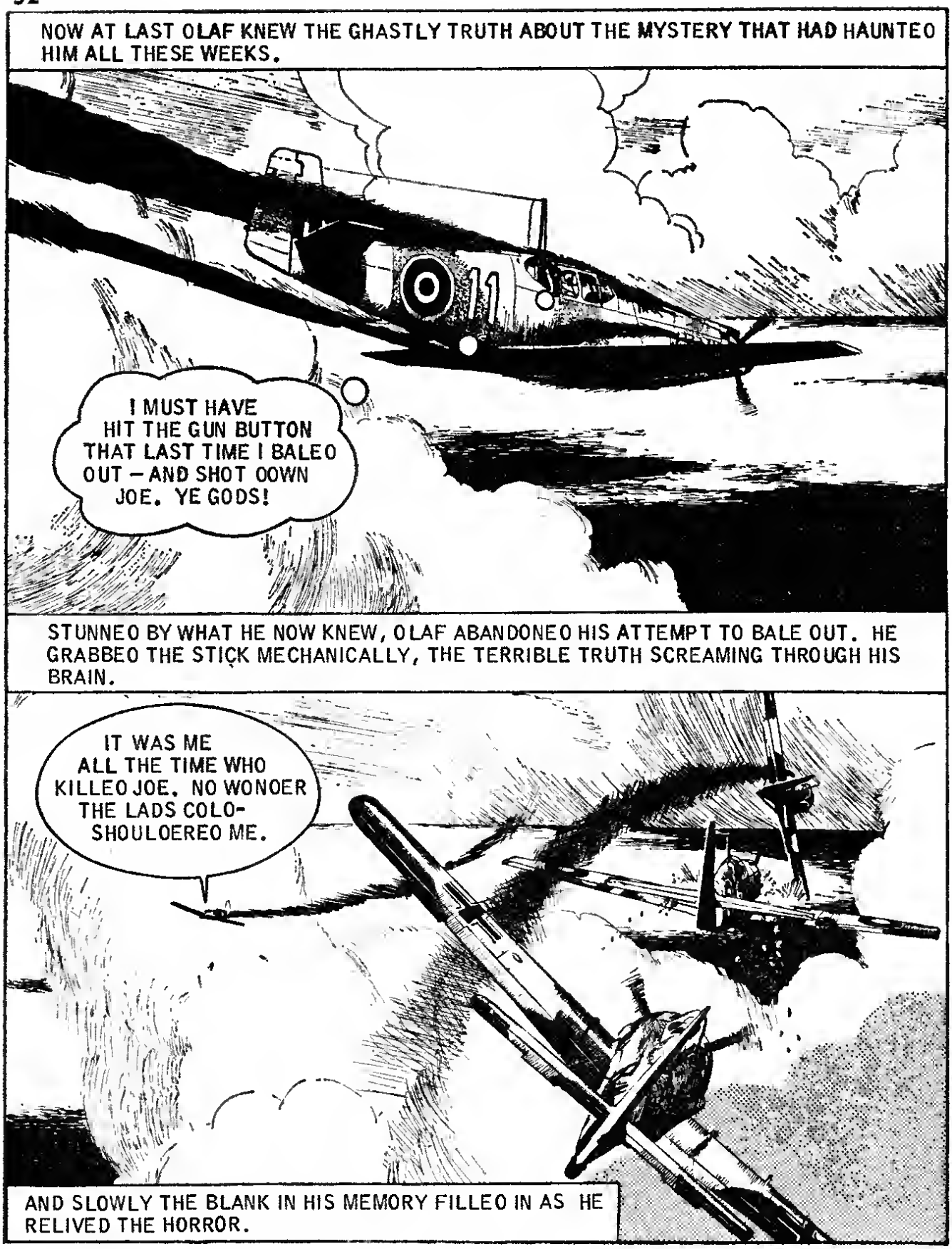

HE KEPT CONTROL LONG ENOUGH TO LOSE THE Me109, BUT THAT WAS ALL.
SHE'S FLYING LIKE A BRICK. NO FUTURE FOR ME HERE.

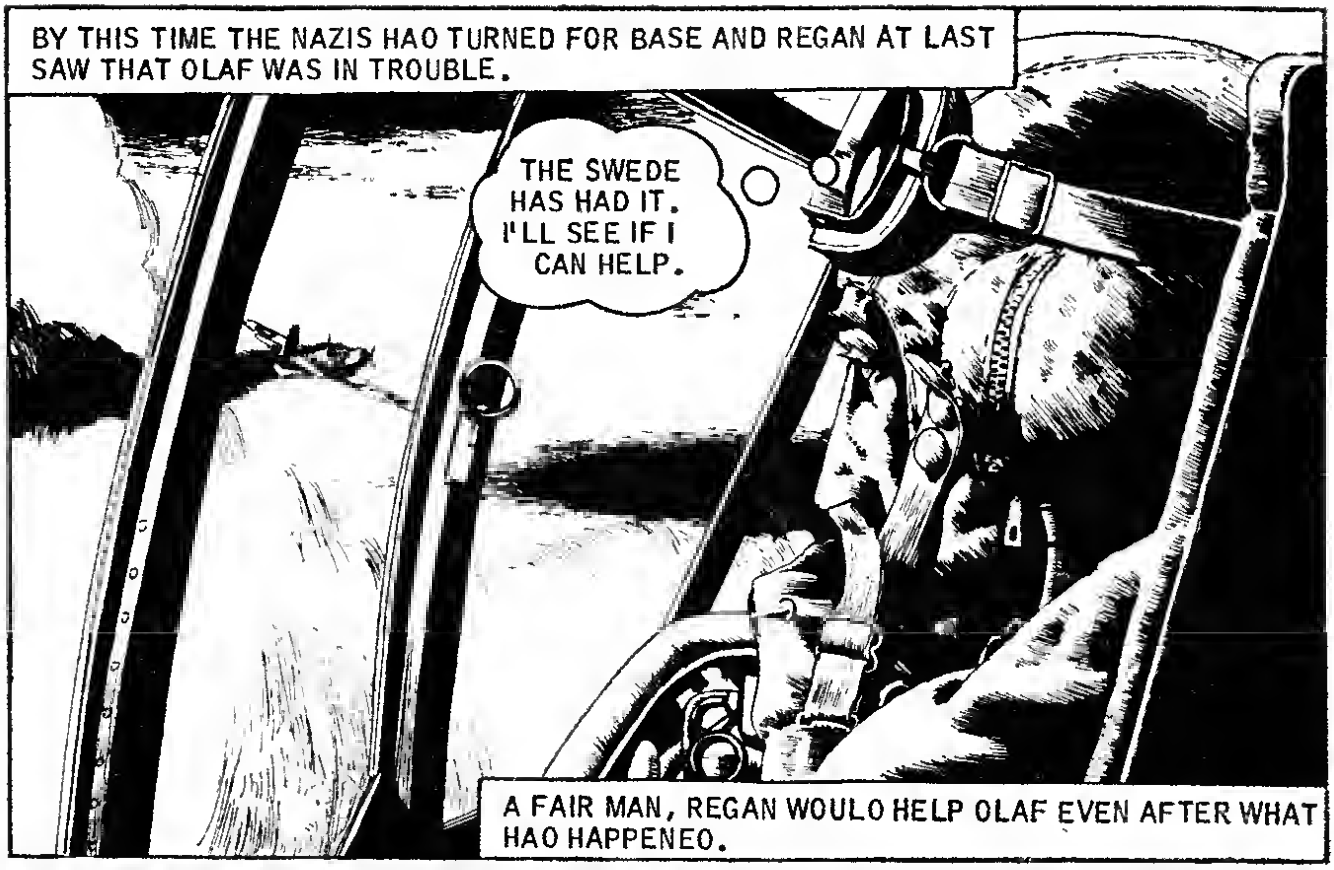
THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING FOR IT.
BETTER BALE OUT – QUICK!

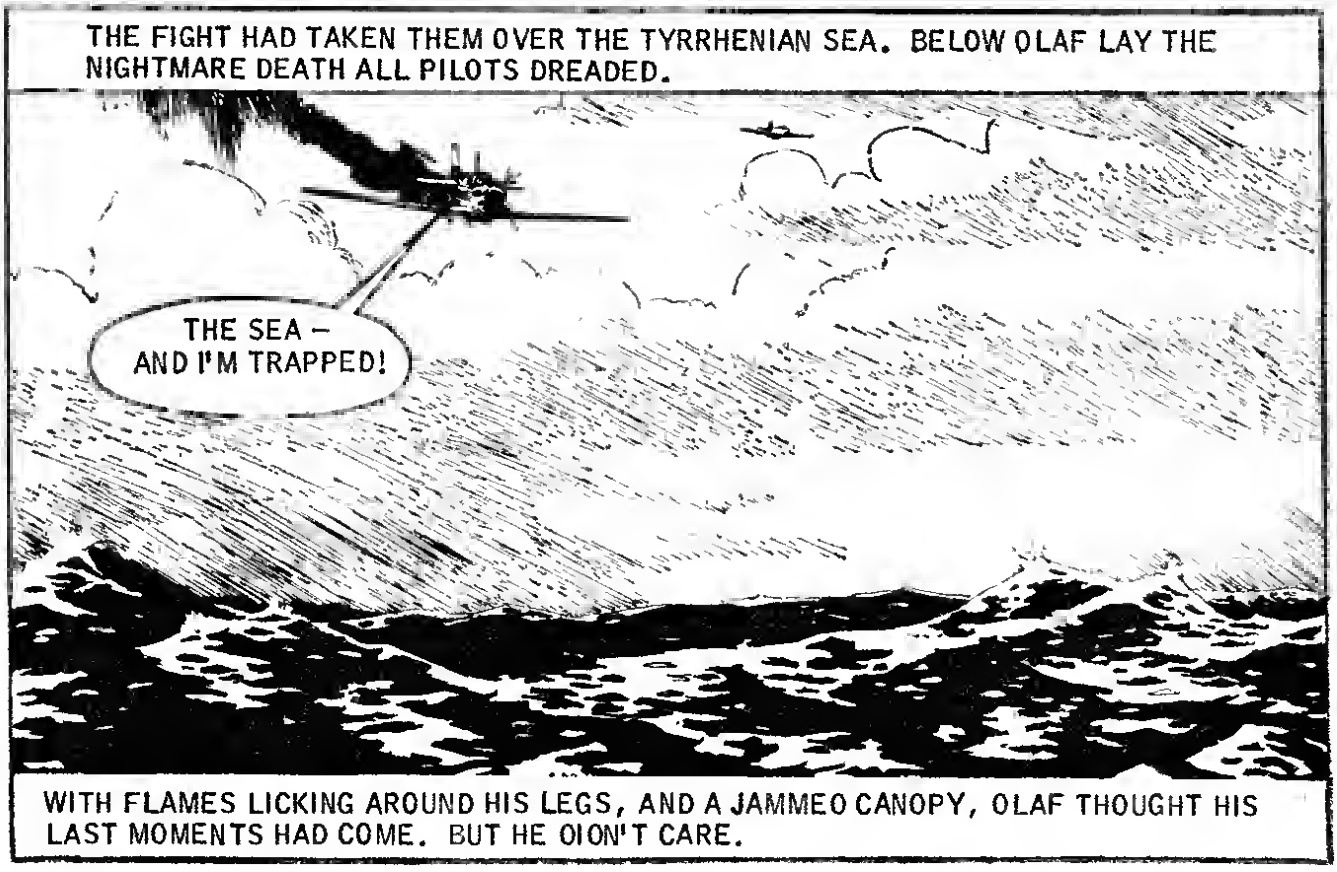
FOR A MOMENT PANIC SEIZED OLAF.
OH, NO, THE HOOD'S JAMMED!


BRACING HIMSELF AGAINST THE CONTROL PANEL, HE PUSHED WITH ALL HIS MIGHT.
IF THIS DOESN'T SHIFT IT, NOTHING WILL.

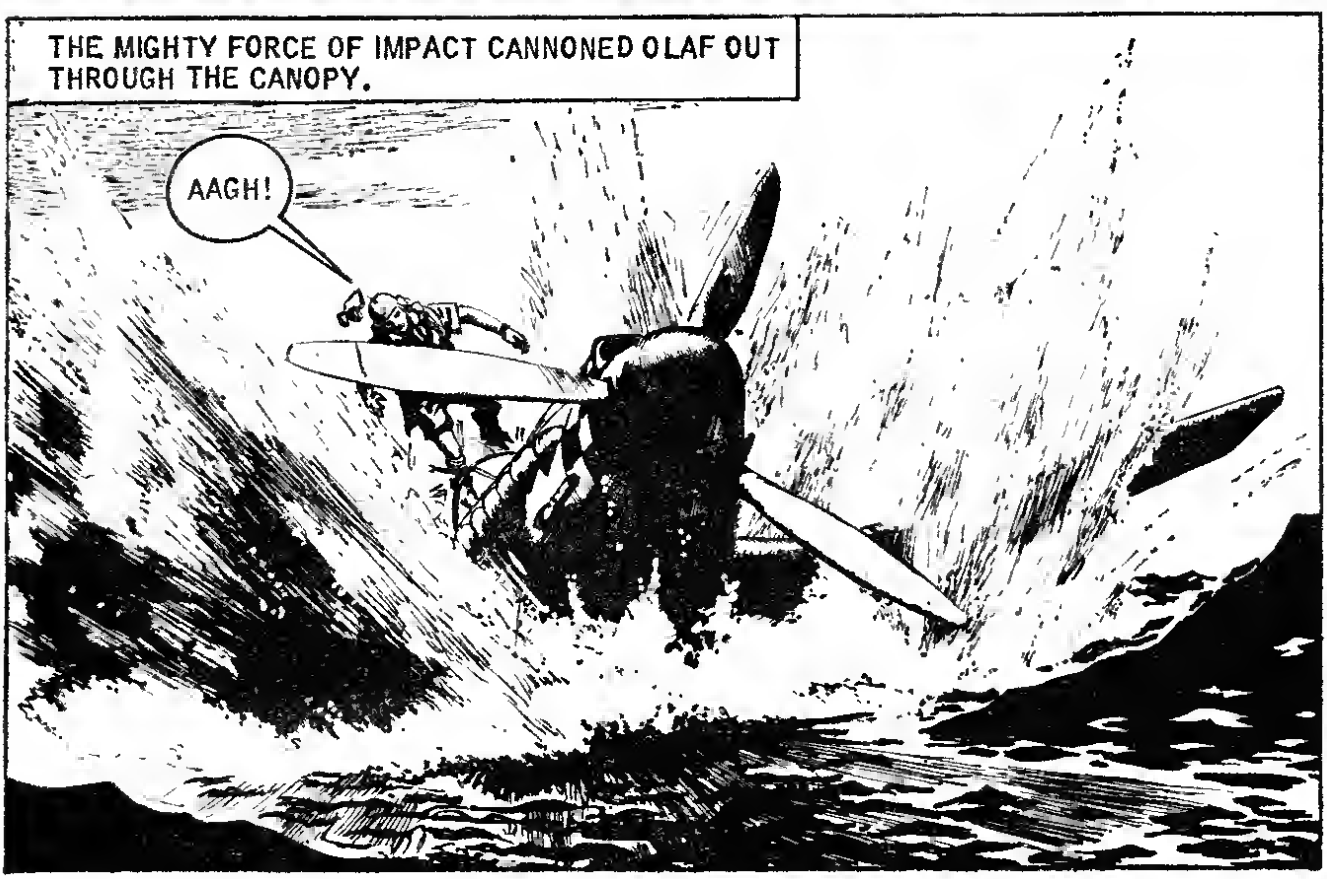
NEXT SECOND CAME THE ROAR OF OLAF'S GUNS LOOSING OFF INTO THE EMPTY SKY.
THE GUNS ARE FIRING. BUT HOW?
THEN HE REALISED WHAT HAD HAPPENED AND THE SHOCK HIT HIM LIKE A SLEDGEHAMMER.
WITH ALL MY WRESTLING ABOUT I HIT THE GUN BUTTON.


NOW AT LAST OLAF KNEW THE GHASTLY TRUTH ABOUT THE MYSTERY THAT HAD HAUNTEO HIM ALL THESE WEEKS.
I MUST HAVE HIT THE GUN BUTTON THAT LAST TIME I BALEO OUT – AND SHOT OOWN JOE. YE GODS!
STUNNEO BY WHAT HE NOW KNEW, OLAF ABANDONEO HIS ATTEMPT TO BALE OUT. HE GRABBEO THE STICK MECHANICALLY, THE TERRIBLE TRUTH SCREAMING THROUGH HIS BRAIN.
IT WAS ME ALL THE TIME WHO KILLEO JOE. NO WONOER THE LADS COLO-SHOULOEREO ME.
AND SLOWLY THE BLANK IN HIS MEMORY FILLEO IN AS HE RELIVED THE HORROR.


BY THIS TIME THE NAZIS HAO TURNED FOR BASE AND REGAN AT LAST SAW THAT OLAF WAS IN TROUBLE.
THE SWEDE HAS HAD IT. I'LL SEE IF I CAN HELP.
A FAIR MAN, REGAN WOULO HELP OLAF EVEN AFTER WHAT HAO HAPPENEO.


THE FIGHT HAD TAKEN THEM OVER THE TYRRHENIAN SEA. BELOW OLAF LAY THE NIGHTMARE DEATH ALL PILOTS DREADED.
THE SEA – AND I'M TRAPPED!
WITH FLAMES LICKING AROUND HIS LEGS, AND A JAMMEO CANOPY, OLAF THOUGHT HIS LAST MOMENTS HAD COME. BUT HE OION'T CARE.

OLAF JUST SAT THERE, WAITING FOR DEATH, BUT THE MUSTANG LEVELLED OUT BEFORE DITCHING.
I DESERVE THIS AFTER WHAT I DID TO JOE.

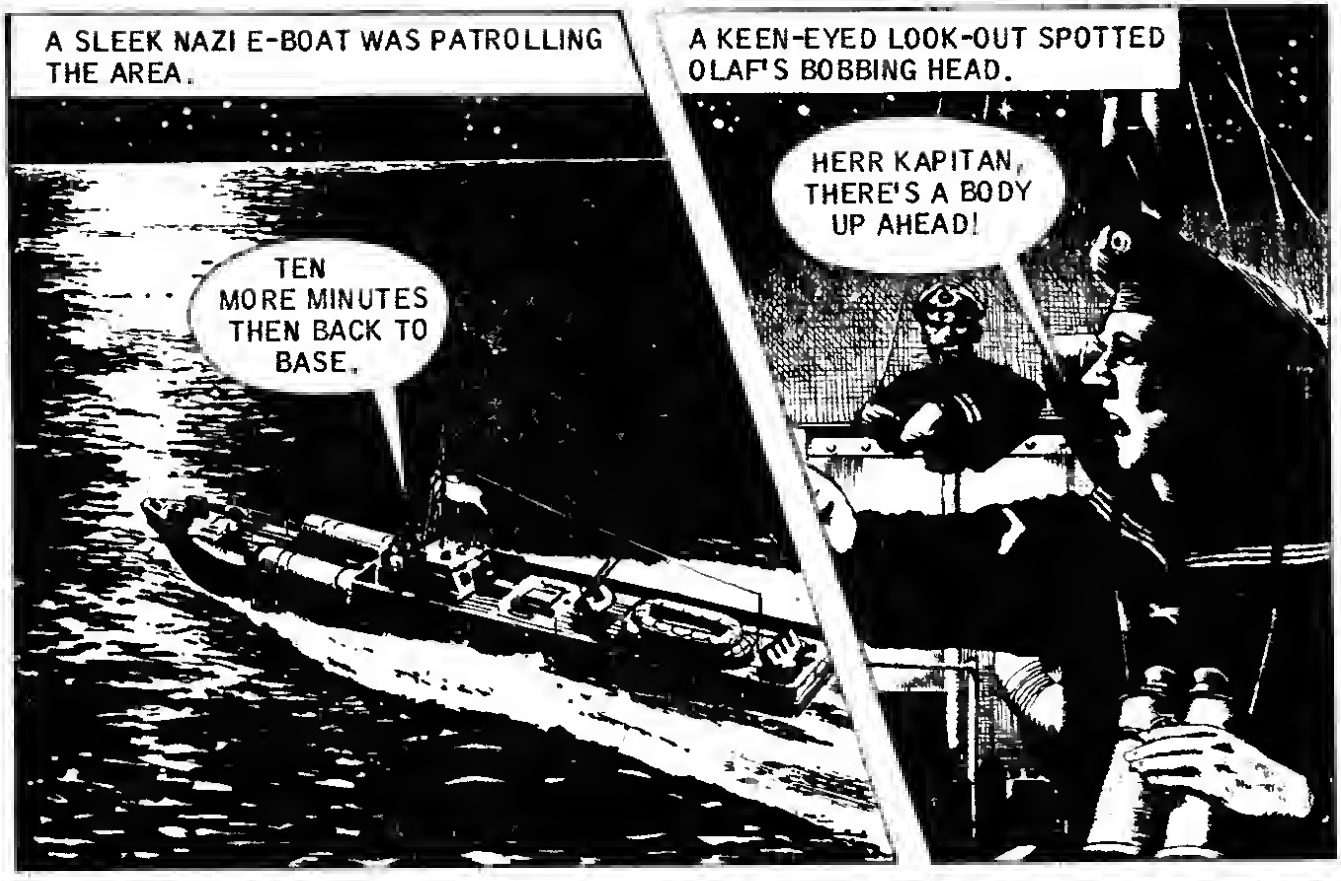

THE MIGHTY FORCE OF IMPACT CANNONED OLAF OUT THROUGH THE CANOPY.
AAGH!

THE ICY WATER SOON REVIVED HIM BUT HE HAD LITTLE DESIRE LEFT TO LIVE.
I DESERVE TO DIE AFTER KILLING JOE. JUST LET ME DIE!
THE TERRIBLE TRUTH OF JOE'S DEATH WEIGHED DOWN ON HIM.
THE LADS DIDN'T ONLY THINK I KILLED JOE – THEY KNEW!
HE DIDN'T EVEN HEAR REGAN CIRCLE ABOVE, RADIOING HIS POSITION TO BASE.
GOT THAT MAP REFERENCE? GOOD. I'LL HAVE TO TURN BACK NOW. FUEL'S TOO LOW TO HANG ABOUT.

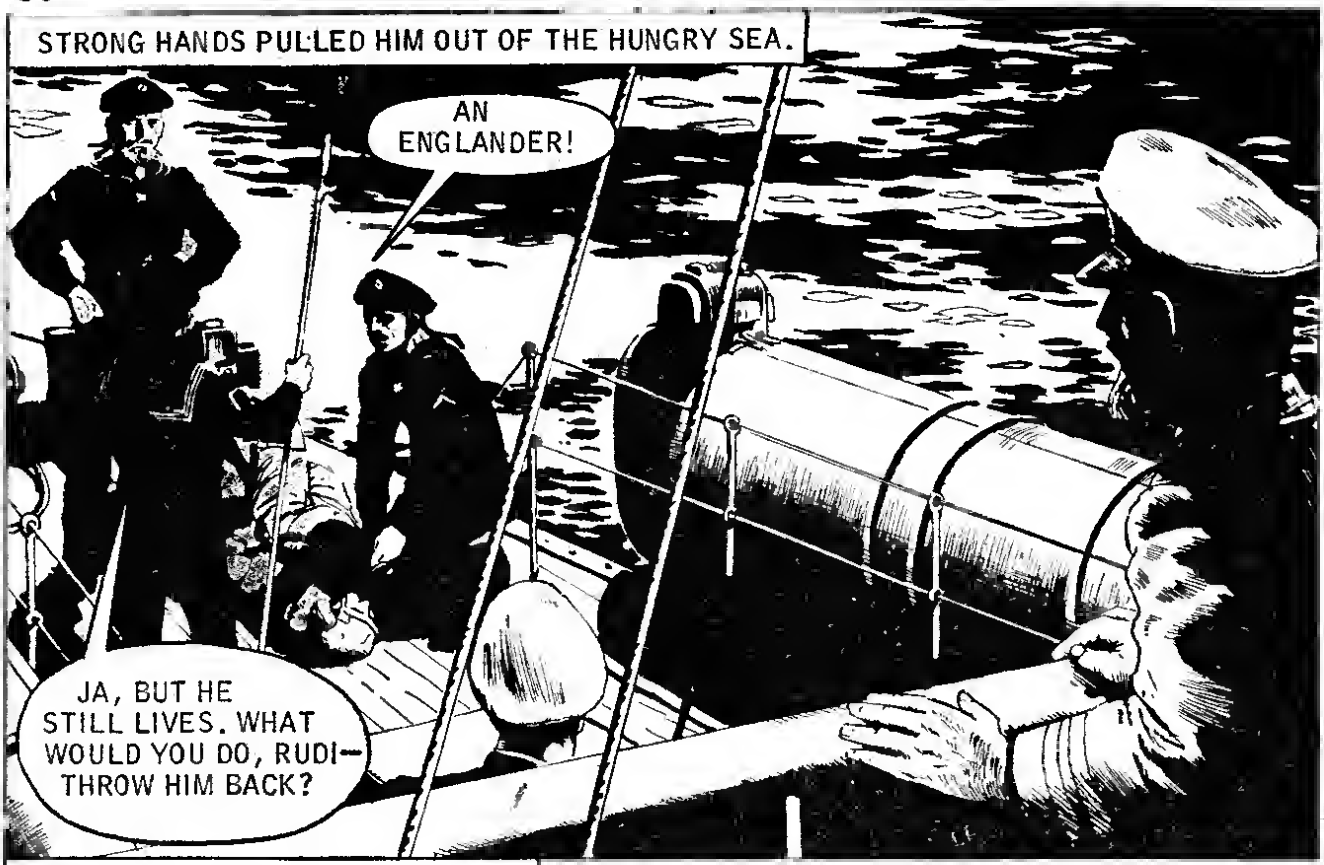
NIGHT HAD FALLEN BEFORE THE AIR/SEA RESCUE LAUNCH CAME SEARCHING. BUT OLAF MADE NO MOVE. SHATTERED AND GRIEF-STRICKEN, HE ONLY WANTED TO DIE.

FINALLY THE LAUNCH DID GO, AND OLAF SURRENDERED HIMSELF TO THE WIDE, PITILESS SEA. AS THE COLD TIGHTENED ITS ICY GRIP, HIS GRIEVING MIND RAMBLED.

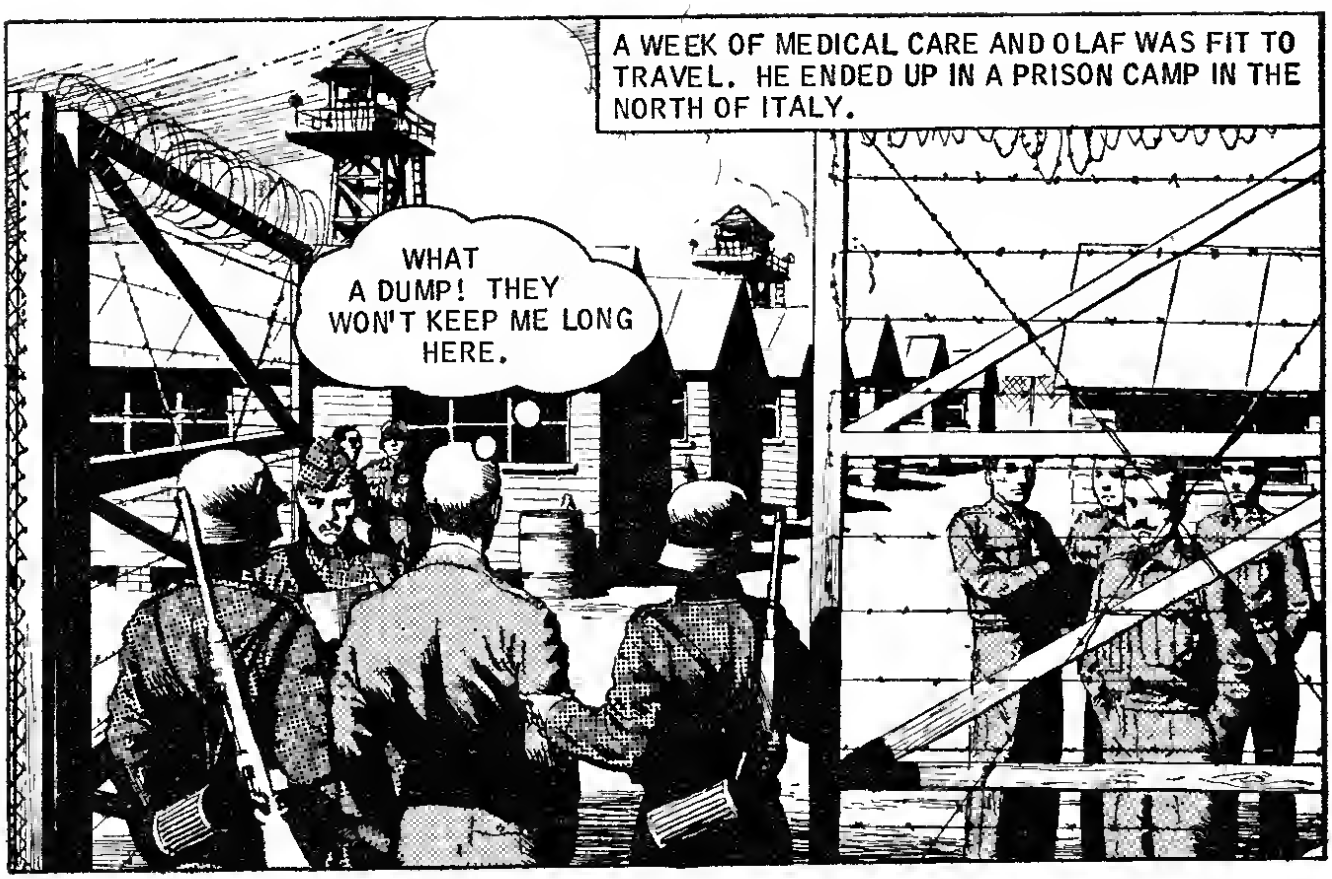
BUT OLAF'S GUARDIAN ANGEL HADN'T GIVEN UP YET.

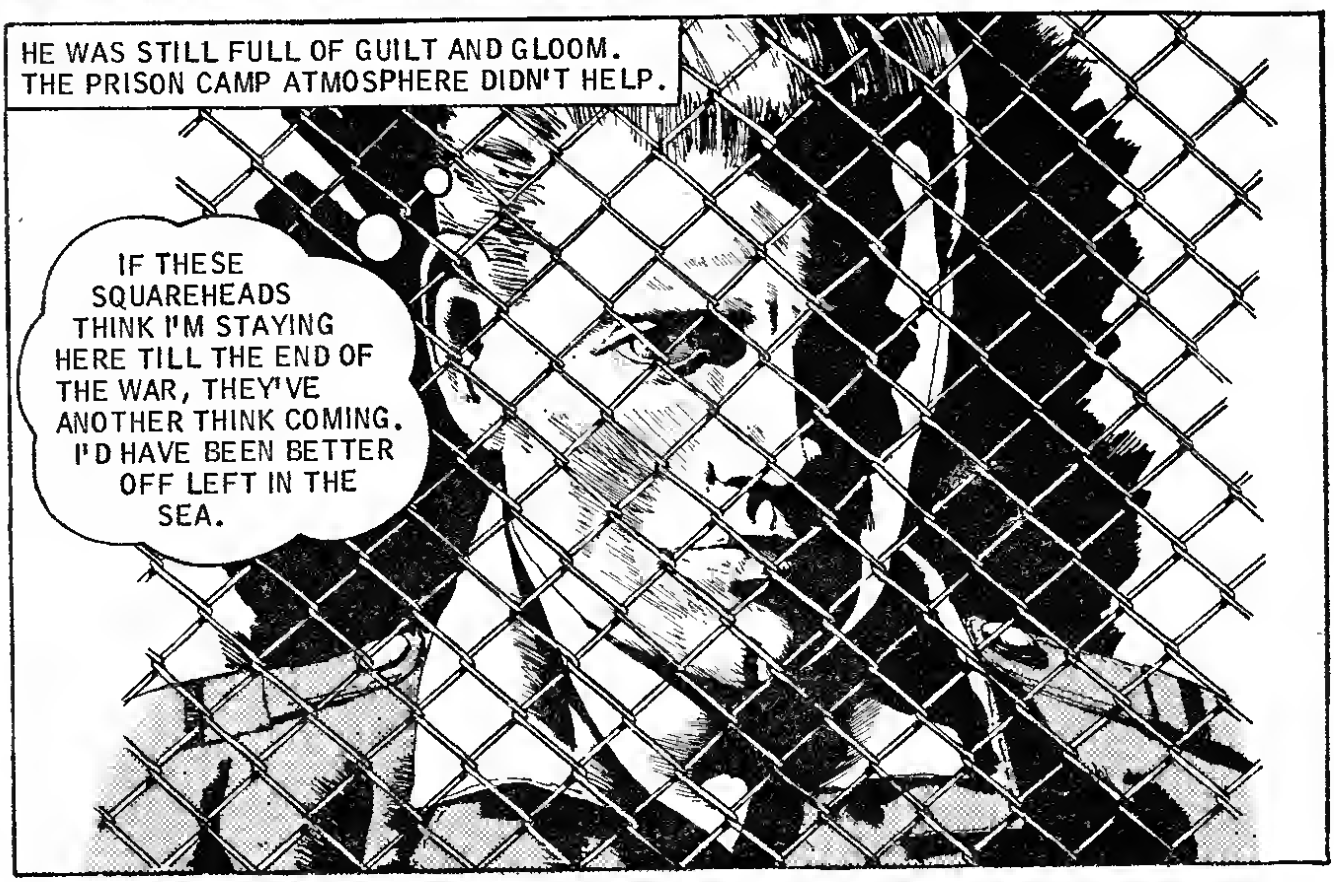

A SLEEK NAZI E-BOAT WAS PATROLLING THE AREA.
TEN MORE MINUTES THEN BACK TO BASE.
A KEEN-EYED LOOK-OUT SPOTTED OLAF'S BOBBING HEAD.
HERR KAPITAN, THERE'S A BODY UP AHEAD!

OLAF WAS NOT EVEN AWARE OF THE E-BOAT PULLING ALONGSIDE HIM.
IT'S A PILOT, POOR DEVIL. HE MAY STILL BE ALIVE...


STRONG HANDS PULLED HIM OUT OF THE HUNGRY SEA.
AN ENGLANDER!
JA, BUT HE STILL LIVES. WHAT WOULD YOU DO, RUDI— THROW HIM BACK?

THE VOICES BROUGHT OLAF BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS, BUT ALWAYS WITH THE SAME OBSESSION.
JOE, IS THAT YOU?
NO, BUT YOU ARE SAFE. YOU WILL NOT BE HARMED. FOR YOU THE WAR IS OVER.


A WEEK OF MEDICAL CARE AND OLAF WAS FIT TO TRAVEL. HE ENDED UP IN A PRISON CAMP IN THE NORTH OF ITALY.
WHAT A DUMP! THEY WON'T KEEP ME LONG HERE.


HE WAS STILL FULL OF GUILT AND GLOOM. THE PRISON CAMP ATMOSPHERE DIDN'T HELP.
IF THESE SQUAREHEADS THINK I'M STAYING HERE TILL THE END OF THE WAR, THEY'VE ANOTHER THINK COMING. I'D HAVE BEEN BETTER OFF LEFT IN THE SEA.

HE TURNEO MOROSELY FROM THE WIRE AND HIS HEART MISSED A BEAT. WALKING TOWARDS HIM WAS JOE JENNINGS – SMILING AND LARGE AS LIFE.
JOE!
HI, OLAF, I HEARD YOU'D ARRIVED!

THE REUNION WAS JOYFUL.
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE YOU AGAIN.
CAN'T SAY I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU, YOU BIG MUTT!

AFTER THE FIRST JUBILATION, THEY RELIVED THE LAST MOMENTS OF THAT FATEFUL DAY WHEN JOE HAD BEEN LOST.
I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU, JOE – IT WAS ME WHO SHOT YOU DOWN. IN THE STRUGGLE TO GET OUT I MUST HAVE HIT THE GUN BUTTON...
YOU TRIGGER-HAPPY CLOT! AND ALL THIS TIME I THOUGHT IT WAS A JERRY!

AMAZED, OLAF SAW JOE TOOK THE TRUTH AS A HUGE JOKE.
BUT I COULD HAVE KILLED YOU!
BUT YOU DIDN'T AND WE'RE TOGETHER AGAIN. THAT'S THE MAIN THING!

BUT SUODENLY JOE TURNEO SERIOUS.

BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT I CAME TO TELL YOU. WE'VE DUG AN ESCAPE TUNNEL AND WE'RE READY TO MAKE A BREAK TOMORROW NIGHT. I'LL TRY TO TALK THE LADS INTO LETTING YOU COME ALONG.

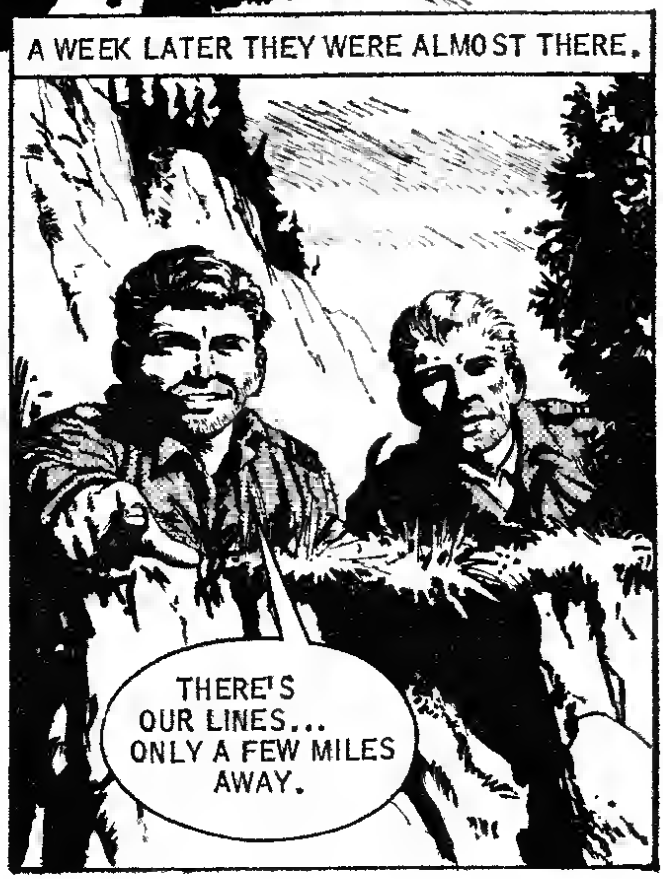
THAT WOULD BE TERRIFIC!

JOE SUCCEEDED IN CONVINCING THE OTHERS TO ALLOW OLAF TO COME ALONG. THEY WERE THE FIRST PAIR TO COME UP ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WIRE.

THE AIR SMELLS BETTER ALREADY!

SO BEGAN THEIR LONG TREK SOUTH TO FREEDOM.
I DON'T THINK THEY SAW US.

THEY KEPT ON THE MOVE ALL THE TIME.
NO DOGS WILL BE ABLE TO FOLLOW US NOW.


A WEEK LATER THEY WERE ALMOST THERE.
THERE'S OUR LINES... ONLY A FEW MILES AWAY.

SO AT LAST JOE AND OLAF CREPT BACK INTO THEIR CAMP AND MADE STRAIGHT FOR THE MESS –
DRINKS ON THE HOUSE – I HOPE!
BUT YOU TWO ARE DEAD!

THE PARTY THAT FOLLOWED WAS INDESCRIBABLE. AND AT ITS HEIGHT RICKET BURIED THE HATCHET ONCE AND FOR ALL AS REGARDS OLAF.
OLAF, I'M SORRY WE ALL TREATED YOU THE WAY WE DID. BUT...
IT'S OK, I KNOW HOW YOU FELT.

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*SAVE THE SET!

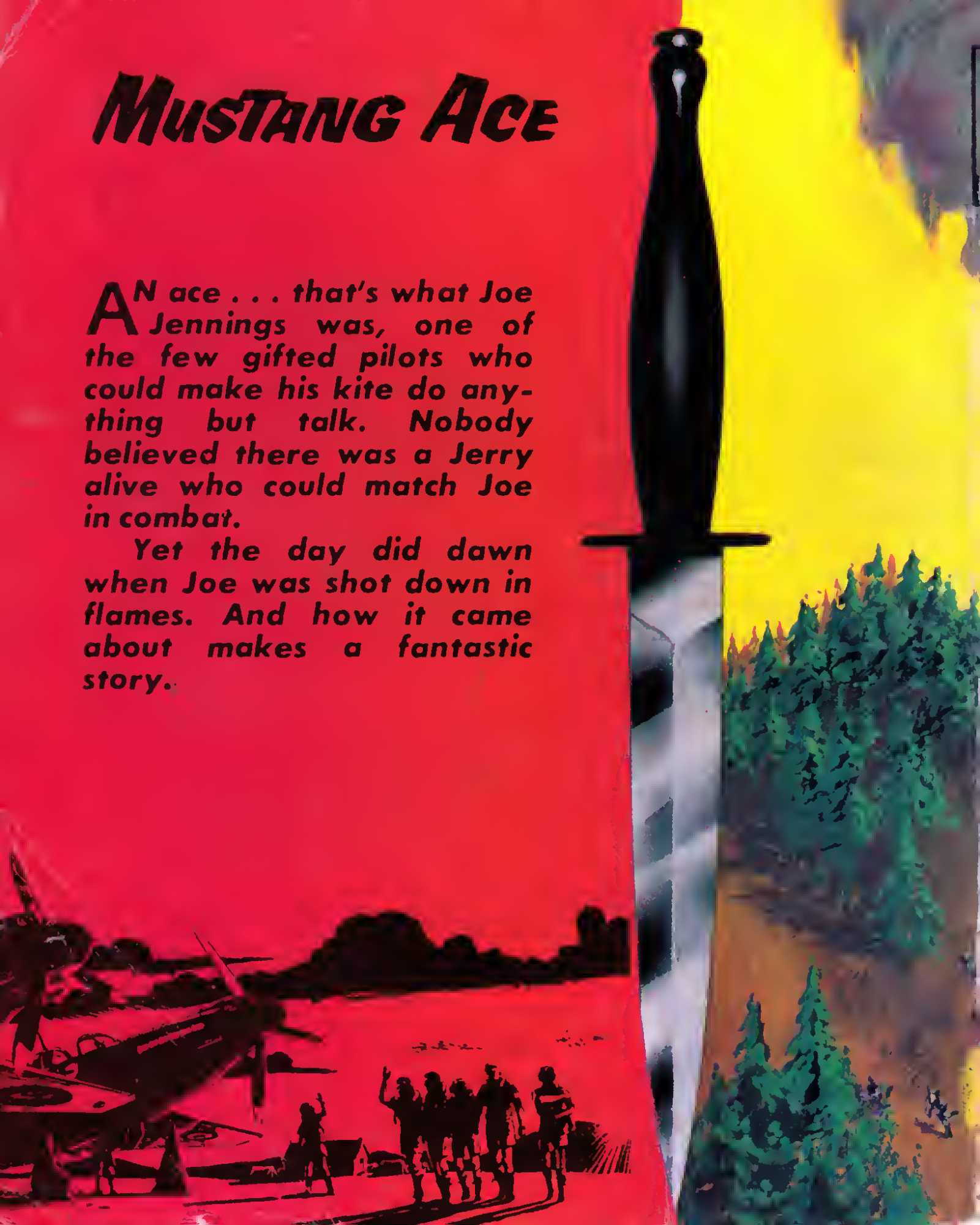
THE shape of things to come? This fantastic-looking car is Jackie Stewart's latest mount, the £20,000 Tyrrell-Ford Formula One, powered by a 3-litre V8 engine. In Jackie's hands it could turn out to be a world-beater.

* MORE pictures of Jackie Stewart in Commando Nos. 539 - 546. Save the set. Look out for pix of scrambling star Jeff Smith in next month's issues of "COMMANDO."

MUSTANG ACE

AN ace . . . that's what Joe Jennings was, one of the few gifted pilots who could make his kite do anything but talk. Nobody believed there was a Jerry alive who could match Joe in combat.

Yet the day did dawn when Joe was shot down in flames. And how it came about makes a fantastic story.



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Commando

WAR STORIES IN PICTURES

5p

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